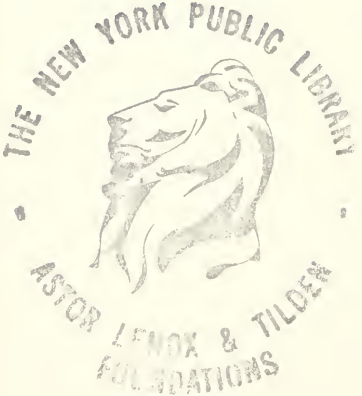
NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07952860 4


THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX & TILDEN
FOUNDATIONS

IKL
Humphreys

D. Humphreys

HEROES AND SPIES

OF THE

CIVIL WAR

BY

DAVID HUMPHREYS

Of the original "Stonewall" Brigade, and later Captain in Ashby's Cavalry.

NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON

THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY

MCMIII

Nov. 13, 1903
a
72647

Copyright, 1901
By The Neale Publishing Company

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX & TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

DEDICATION.

To the memory of my dear wife, who endured the trials and sufferings of war and the privations and poverty which followed in its wake; from whom I was parted a year at a time; whose home was within the enemy's lines, and in a town which changed hands more than a hundred times, often shelled and set afire; who was often within the sound of the dull thud of artillery, showing that battles were in progress, without being able for weeks after to know whether I was dead or alive; and who risked all kinds of exposure and danger to come to my side when I was wounded—with loving gratitude I dedicate this little book, my first work during my recovery from an illness that took me down to the border-land between life and death.

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS

Chapter.		Page
I.	The Escape,	13
II.	Operations in the Valley,	29
III.	Strange Experiences,	45
IV.	As Told by the Camp-fire,	55
V.	More Camp-fire Tales,	70
VI.	Risky Business—More Stories,	86
VII.	A Banquet and Other Things,	115
VIII.	Fun, Fighting and Facts,	120
IX.	The Closing of Contre's Career,	146
X.	The Wilderness—First Conflict with General Grant,	168
XI.	Beginning of the End,	182
XII.	Some Reminiscences,	193
XIII.	Cavalry vs. Infantry—Stonewall Jackson,	206
XIV.	Summary—The End,	212

INTRODUCTION.

It has been held, and truly, that the man in whose veins are commingled the blood of the pious Puritans of New England and the chivalric Cavalier of the South is the grandest man that God ever made. No higher illustration of that truth can be found than in the lives of some of the men whose deeds of heroism are herein recorded. Some from the North and some from the South.

When the first gun was fired at Sumter the reverberation of its shell went around the world, proclaiming that the greatest and bravest people on earth had been rent by the question of States rights and Federal supremacy. We of the South had been educated to believe that our State was first in our hearts and first in our affections and loyalty; while our brethren of the North, equally honest, equally brave, were taught to regard the Nation and its symbol as supreme. That constituted the irrepressible conflict of which

Mr. Seward spoke. Never was the institution of slavery the cause of the great struggle. It was to reconcile two conflicting ideas and to fuse two antagonistic elements in the hot crucible of war, and make them one people, and the grandest people upon which the sun ever shone.

Many years ago, I remember that in riding through one of the great silent forests of cypress that fringe the banks of the Mississippi River I noticed some score of feet above the earth a white line running all through that forest for miles and miles. Below that line the trunks of those great monarchs of the forest were of one color—above that they were another. The cause, I learned, was that the turbid waters of the Mississippi, when they came down in that immense flood that knows no resisting power, had discolored those trunks. Above they were all fair; below all foul. That was the high-water mark, and we, too, in our generation have seen the high-water mark of passion and prejudice, of war and misery. Happily, however, all that is passed, to be seen no more. The fires in that chasm were quenched in brother's blood.

No stranger character came to the surface during the bloody strife of our inter-state war than the one mysterious foreigner whose

varied experiences are interwoven with those of the chivalric men with whom he mingled in camp, march, and field of carnage. That man played a desperate game; one, indeed, so strange that it is hard to believe.

The adventures recounted and the dangerous risks incurred are all truly told, though they may seem stranger than fiction. None of which to the writer seems stranger than the fact that he was shot three times, at short range, with a rifle, and carried across the Rappahannock River for dead, and yet survives to record these strange things.

The author assumes the name of Marr in this little book, and his reason for so doing is that he might thereby avoid the too frequent use of the personal pronoun "I."

CHAPTER I.

THE ESCAPE.

One gloomy day in February, 1862, a squad of men were hovering around a fire kindled against a great old stump, which served as a good back-log or fire-back for the burning wood. The little group was clad in the rough gray in use by the Southern soldiers, and was composed of a lieutenant, a sergeant, a corporal and four private soldiers. This was a cavalry picket reserve, and to them was committed the duty of preventing the passage along the road of any and every one who might attempt to go through the lines in either direction. This road led from Winchester to Strasburg in the Valley of Virginia, and ran nearly parallel to the great Valley Turnpike, so well known as the "Great Army Highway."

At the time of our look at this reserve station it is a little after daylight. The opera-

tion of frying the bacon rations is for the moment neglected, as the sergeant calls attention to the approach of two men on horseback coming slowly from the direction of Winchester, where General Banks was encamped with the Union army. Lieutenant Marr took up his glass and soon observed that one of the two was of his picket post men, and that the other was dressed in blue and was evidently a "Yankee." He ordered his squad to mount and draw up along the roadside.

Soon the two came up to the lieutenant, when Private John Mason, the picket, after saluting his commanding officer, explained that the man with him had come up boldly to within hailing distance of him and his comrade, and been challenged, made to dismount and surrender, as he could not give the countersign, and that he now turned him over a prisoner. Lieutenant Marr told the prisoner to give an account of himself and why he was found so near the Southern lines.

The captive said that he wished to be sent on to the camp of Gen. Turner Ashby, and to him alone would he state the cause of his voluntary surrender to the picket guard.

As the man was evidently perfectly cool and self-possessed, and would not talk for the enlightenment of the lieutenant, he was or-

dered to dismount from his fine roan horse and to give up any weapons he might have. To the surprise of the squad, he handed over not only a fine sabre, but from the ample breast of his overcoat a pair of beautiful ivory-handled, silver-plated revolvers, that made the eyes as well as the mouths of the men water. Finding that though he was not compelled to talk, yet that he must make a complete showing of all his worldly belongings, he took from the roll behind his saddle a large package containing medicines and surgical instruments, which he asked to be allowed to turn over to General Ashby; and followed up his request by the offer of his canteen of real brandy and a well-filled purse to the custody of the officer. These last items quite confirmed Lieutenant Marr in his purpose to treat the man kindly and gently.

A few hours later the relief arrived, and Marr, with his men and the mysterious stranger, started up toward General Ashby's camp. After a march of three miles, the camp of the regimental reserve was reached. Lieutenant Marr sent his sergeant, with all but one of the men, to camp. Taking with him Private Mason and the prisoner, he sent to the tent of the colonel in command and asked permission to take the prisoner to General Ashby. An order to this intent was

handed him, when he, with Mason as guard, headed with their prisoner up the Valley, and after a ride of two hours reached Ashby's headquarters, and dismounting was soon heard, and was ordered to bring in his prisoner. This was done, and the few who were permitted to be present at that meeting will ever remember it. General Ashby stood facing the entrance to the tent—a man seen once, never to be forgotten. In stature five feet ten inches, thick, long black hair; a ruddy face, nearly covered with a long flowing beard of black, which almost hid his bust, and eyes that had at some times the gentle expression of a girl, while when aroused or excited they flashed with a power that all about him felt. He was a cavalier who had the gentlest of voices when calm, yet in battle no sound was able to drown his commands.

The prisoner came forward with a light step and a perfectly serene and rather smiling face. He came up to and saluted General Ashby. The prisoner was a man not over five feet seven inches high, of slight, sinewy figure, grey eyes, light, close cut hair, dark brown mustache and Vandyke beard. His manner was quick and nervous, his voice, as well as his whole appearance, showed him to be a foreigner, while his English was so

completely and correctly mastered that, but for the Italian mellowness of his gutturals, he could have been taken for an Englishman.

The two men looked at each other intently for a moment in silence, broken by General Ashby saying in rather a gentle, pitying tone, "please proceed to give an account of yourself." The prisoner said: "My name is Contre; I am a son of General Contre, of Italy. I came over to the United States out of a spirit of adventure and because I had a love affair that made it desirable that I should see other countries. I tired of New York and of travels in the East, and being a surgeon by profession, I came on to Washington and secured a commission as an assistant surgeon in the U. S. Army. See, I have the insignia of that rank"—showing the surgeon's badge as he spoke. "I had little difficulty in getting into the Federal Army with the letters I had from home, but after getting there I found that my sympathies were wholly with the South. So strong did this become that I was not as guarded as I should have been, —possibly said more than I should have,— and soon I was summoned to the general, who, in the presence of his staff and several surgeons, who were evidently posted as to the proposed interview (and were there, I thought, to enjoy my humiliation), severely

reprimanded me, and told me that if I was so much in love with the rebels I ought to go to their camp and offer them my valuable services. I made the best defense that I could, and declared that as long as I bore the commission and wore the uniform of the Union, I would be true to both; but as a foreigner I could not feel that devotion to the flag of the Union that was so properly felt by the people of the North, who were as justly proud of their country, as I was of mine. This self humiliation did not have the effect I had hoped it would, as the general ordered me put under arrest and said that he would send on a report that would bring me before a court-martial; and, he added, that he hoped I would be shot.

"This result was so harsh that I was extremely chagrined and mad all through. I was marched off to a small house near the building, used as a hospital, and a sentinel was placed before the door. To escape or die was then and there determined on, cost what it might. I waited as quietly as I could until the first guard was relieved and the second got tired, and then when I saw he had his face turned from me, I slid out of the door quietly and slipped off to the stable where the surgeon's horses were kept. Fortunately for me, one of the surgeons of the

hospital had ordered that his horse should be ready at eleven o'clock that night, as he had to go to Charlestown, nearly thirty miles north of Winchester. His servant had, as I afterwards learned, put the doctor's case, pistols, and canteen of brandy upon the saddle. An orderly was holding the bridle, and I saw that he mistook me for his superior, for whom he was waiting. I just said,' all right, you wait here until I see Captain Emmett [this was the name of a well-known guard officer] and then be ready to go with me.' This took the orderly back to the stable in surprise, and gave me the time I wanted. I got into the saddle leisurely and came slowly through Winchester. When near the edge of the town, I found several horses hitched to a yard fence. They were all fine horses and well equipped, whose riders were having a jolly time at a large residence near by. I noticed a nice sabre hanging from the saddle of one horse, and, as I am a good swordsman, I took it along with me.

"I sought now to escape in earnest, and knowing that there was a mountain road to the west of the great Valley Turnpike that by a longer route led to the Southern lines, I made for and found that road. I pressed quietly along for five or six miles until I saw a camp in the woods, which I knew to be the

Federal outpost reserve. I made a detour into the woods long enough to clear the sound of the camp, and bearing around I came out south of it. But there was yet another risk for me—that was the Federal picket or outlook. He would of course be looking south for trouble, but if there should be two of them a dash by would be dangerous, as those fellows had loaded guns. I did want to escape, but did not want to kill a poor fellow just because he was in my way, so I tried another detour to get around the station, and had just succeeded when I heard a clatter of horses' feet in the rear, and then I knew I was not to get off so easily. I put spurs to my horse, which, though tired, was a good one, and found that while I was fairly flying, a few riders seemed rather to have gained upon me. My game was flight as long as my horse would last. I put him to the top of his speed, and could in a little while perceive that not more than two had gained upon me, but they had gained greatly. Another spurt, and over so rough a road that I expected to break my neck, and I found that one of the foremost horsemen was much closer, though the other was farther back.

"Another dash of a mile and I found that my horse had done his best, and that if still pursued I must kill or be killed. Captured

I would not be! I could now only hear the hoof-beats of one horse, whose bold rider was bent upon my scalp. I could discern him coming like mad! I saw a large tree near the road side, and I placed it as well as possible between the trooper and myself, and not a moment too soon, as he began to call out 'halt!' and not seeing or hearing me, he fired. I knew that he was an officer as soon as he had discharged his pistol, and then I drew out my sabre and waited. He came within ten feet of me before he saw me, drew his sabre as he checked his horse, and ordered me to surrender, making a lunge at my breast, which I parried. He was hot, and bent on killing me, so I must disable him, and this within a minute or less, as his men would soon come up. I sent his sabre flying from his grasp into the mud, and, as he was no swordsman, soon had him flat on his back in the road. I took his horse by the bridle, turned his head in the direction from which he had come, gave him a prick with the sabre and started him back, and then made such good time that I heard no more of him or his followers. I came towards your pickets, and after a ride of a few miles surrendered to them. I now wish to get an appointment as assistant surgeon in the Confederate Army, or, if not that, an appointment in the line or

the staff of some general officer, so that I can avenge my own wrongs while I fight for the South."

General Ashby said, "Mr. Contre, are you such a swordsman that you could unhorse a foe such as you have described, and are you willing to give me a test of your swordsmanship?"

"Certainly; I will be too glad to show you that no man in your army can touch me with his sabre. But, stay. In order to convince you at once, bring in two or three of your best men with the sabre; I will not hurt them and they cannot touch me with their sabres."

General Ashby called for two of his best men; said he would not so underestimate the skill of his men as to set three against one; went over to the open in the rear of his tent, and Contre faced the two, bowed and stood on guard to encourage the two men.

"I am not to harm you," he said, and "you are to try your best to hurt me, even kill me if you can."

Then, whirling his sabre like a flash he sent that of one of the men from his grasp, ten feet away; at the same time he parried the thrust of the other; then stepped back and asked his adversaries to make ready, and they came at him again—two men nearly twice his size and warmed up, with the resolve to show

him "what Confeds could do." A little distance apart, now on either side, or in front, they cut, slashed, lunged and thrust, but in vain. Quietly, and seemingly without any exertion, he stood, while his sabre whirled about him like a flashing shield of sparkling steel. Soon the two men were tired out with their labor, and drew back, admitting that they were not in the contest.

General Ashby said: "I am satisfied, and will send you on to Gen. Stonewall Jackson. Lieutenant Marr, you can detail such guard as you wish to report to General Jackson with Contre. Treat him kindly and protect him from insult, and report on your return."

Lieutenant Marr told Contre to mount; and with the prisoner between him and Private Mason started for headquarters.

Private Acker, one of the two worn-out contestants with Contre, was laughed at heartily by all his companions as he approached the fire by which they were huddled. "You may laugh at me, boys, but if all the d—n Yankees can handle their sabres like that dried-up little cuss, they can take Richmond in a week, for all we can do fighting them with cold steel. D—n the Yank, you might as well butt your head against a stone wall to hurt him, as to cut at him with a

sabre! None of the rest of you asked to take a hand with him, I notice."

Late that evening, Lieutenant Marr, with his guard and prisoner, reached General Jackson's headquarters. He went forward, stated his mission to the officer in charge of the couriers, and was soon told that the General would see him at once.

Lieutenant Marr had borne orders to and from General Jackson, and knew him well. On one occasion he had been sent by General Ashby to see General Jackson in Staunton at a hotel, and ask for orders. He had on arrival been directed to the door of a room as the one the General was sleeping in. He knocked and heard a "who's there?" He replied, "A messenger from General Ashby." The response came quckly, "come in." He tried the door and found it locked. Again the voice called, "come in." He said meekly, "the door is fastened, sir." "No, it is not, come in." The Lieutenant threw his weight against the door, which only creaked; then he heard the General cross the room in his bare feet, and unlock the door. He waited for him to get under cover, and then entered cap in hand, and was about to state his mission, when the General stopped him to say, "I hope you will excuse me for being so sure it was not locked, as you were entirely right

in the matter, sir." Such attention to the feelings and rights of others, even of subordinates, was characteristic of that great man.

Lieutenant Marr beckoned to Contre and led him, followed by the guard, into the presence of the General, who heard the officer's statement, that General Ashby had sent him. The Lieutenant then moved aside, leaving Contre confronting the man whose name would in the future be known all over the world. Contre was told to make his statement, which he did, very much as he had done to General Ashby. At the close of it General Jackson said, "I will refer your case, through the General of the Army, to the Government, and in the meantime you must not go beyond my camp. I will give you orders upon the commissary and quartermaster for supplies and rations until further orders. For the present I will turn you over to the care of the staff surgeon. Arms will not be allowed you, and you will learn the will of the War Department as soon as I receive orders. Adjutant, see that these orders are duly given."

As soon as they had passed the guard, Contre turned to Lieutenant Marr and said, "That is a great man, that General Jackson; I just felt that he knew all I was going to say

before I said a word. And now, Lieutenant, I never saw you until to-day, but I hate to part with you, as I feel that you are a generous friend."

Indeed, Marr felt a kind of pity when he thought of the lonely condition of this man, thousands of miles from his native Italy; regarded as a traitor by one army and under the ban of suspicion with the other; without a home or friend on the whole continent of America.

Lieutenant Marr found the way to the surgeon's headquarters, and after explaining that General Jackson had commanded that Contre should be left there, he parted with him, with sincere pity for the young man, who looked so like a boy, and yet who possessed so much self-reliance, and who was so self-contained. After the lapse of two weeks an answer came to the general commanding, saying that the Department had declined to permit Contre to enter the service in any capacity; that he should not remain with the army, or go nearer than twenty miles of any Confederate outpost, and that this order should be sent to all officers in command of the forces in the field. Otherwise, Contre was to be free to go where he pleased.

He was greatly distressed, and wept because he was not allowed to go to the front

and attest his genuine allegiance to his new friends. He went to the town of Woodstock, Shenandoah County, in the Valley, and secured board with a German family, with whom he could converse as fluently as any German. Indeed, while at the surgeon's camp it had been found that he spoke German, Italian, French, and Spanish, as well as English, while his attainments as a surgeon and swordsman were fully proved. As only one old surgeon was left in the town who had not entered the army, Contre let it be known that he would attend the sick, and in a short time had as much practice as he wanted. For many months he observed his parole and would vibrate up and down the valley, as the army moved, keeping up the twenty-mile requirement. He was often cautioned that he would fall into the hands of the Union troops, but would laugh at the idea of capture.

These swayings back and forth of the opposing armies became so frequent, he said, that such repeated movings were too bad for him, and that as he had found a cave in the mountain, only five miles off, where he could hide so that the whole Federal Army could not find him, he had made it a comfortable retreat. This life went on for a few months, until, through the influence of the Member of Congress from that district, he succeeded

in getting a commission as assistant surgeon in the Confederate Army. He beamed with delight when this came; he kissed it and carried on with such childlike enthusiasm that an old soldier said that it was equal to a monkey show, and that he could only make such a fool of himself on getting a discharge from the army. Surgeon Contre was attached to the army in the Valley.

CHAPTER II.

OPERATIONS IN THE VALLEY.

General Jackson, with the bulk of his army, made a raid into West Virginia leaving Major Myers,* known as the "Shenandoah Myers," in command of a small squadron of cavalry, a lot of dismounts, "Company Q," and such stragglers as could be scraped up. Major Myers secured the detail of Lieutenant Marr to help him organize his mongrel forces, and of Assistant Surgeon Contre, who asked to remain in the Valley, to be as near Marr as possible.

Major Myers, fearing that the raid in West Virginia would, if successful, eclipse a quiet defense of the Valley, determined to move down to Fisher's Hill, four miles from Strasburg and about twenty from Winchester, and there try to bring the Federal cavalry to follow his scouts up through the narrow defile

*Major Myers was a Pennsylvanian, a furnace owner. He died near New Market, Va.

over the high, rocky causeway which winds through the sharp rocks and dense cedars up from the river to the high plain above.

He established his quarters at Woodstock, and moved his little army of sixty cavalry and seventy dismounts, with all kinds of arms, to ambuscade the foe in the narrow, gloomy defile. In this plan he seemed to be most fortunate, for hardly had he placed his improvised infantry in hiding before the outlook from the high hill-top saw a body of cavalry coming from the direction of Winchester, twenty miles north. This elated Major Myers, who was never so happy as when in a fight. He sent his brother, Captain Myers, with the cavalry down the causeway to draw on the enemy and decoy them to follow through the defile, while Capt Neff would command the infantry in ambush; and by special favor he consented that his own staff, consisting of Lieutenant Marr and Assistant Surgeon Contre, might take part with the infantry in the ambush, though the two had only a pistol and sabre each. A large body of the Union forces—General Elliott's cavalry—came in sight, pursuing the little squadron of Captain Myers, who was a jolly, rollicking soldier, who always laughed at a battle as boys do in a ball game. He fell back, skirmishing as he retreated, and was

steadily pursued, and when about a mile from the defile, a heavy charge being made upon him as if to cut him off, he retreated with more haste and came back in a sharp trot past the ambuscade, closely followed by a dashing head of the column of the Federal cavalry. The order was for the infantry not to fire until at least a hundred had passed up the gorge, and then to open fire and cut that many off; but owing to the excitement of Doctor Contre, who was at the side of Lieutenant Marr, he first fired, and a little before the order to fire was passed. In an instant there was a sheet of flame, and a score of men and horses went down in the narrow road, while some in desperation went over the steep cliff on the lower side of the road. The head of the column, or what was left of it, tried to turn back, only to find the road blocked by fallen horses and men, and themselves to be shot by the infantry behind the bushes.

Contre was like an enraged animal, and killed three troopers with his own pistol, and then stood shouting for the men to kill. A few prisoners were taken, and many were killed and wounded. When the Federals retreated to the valley below, and then took their stand about two miles off, but in sight, Major Myers ordered his men to hold the

hill until night and then retreat to Woodstock, and called Lieutenant Marr and Surgeon Contre to return with him to Woodstock, from which place two wagons with rations were to come and meet the men in their retreat. As the Major and his *grand staff* of two officers had got half way to Woodstock, in turning a sharp bend through a deep cut in the hillside, they saw right before them the head of a column of Yankee cavalry. There was no time for deliberation. Fortunately the surprise was mutual, for it was a minute before the charge was sounded and begun, but that minute was enough. The Major and his staff, three in all, did not wait for orders or results, but dashed into the deep woods down the hill towards the Shenandoah River, only a mile or two away. Bullets followed them hotly, and if no firing had been done, but a prompt pursuit instead, all three must have been killed or captured. As it was, the firing notified the ambuscading Confeds that there was trouble in their rear. It was for that plan to be worked out that General Elliott had waited and followed Captain Myers slowly. This was the truth. General Elliott had sent out a brigade to pass west of Strasburg and to intersect the Valley Pike at Woodstock, well in the Confederate rear; this succeeded, as he with his larger

force had come slowly up the main road towards Strasburg, which he reached in time to fall into the ambush before his flanking party could reach Woodstock and move down to take the Confederates in the rear, at Fisher's Hill, according to his concerted plan. It is generally the case in flank movements of this kind that one or the other of the parts or columns gets to the meeting point too late to accomplish much.

The Confederates who had taken part in the battle at Fisher's Hill, having heard the firing of the Union cavalry at the Major and his miniature staff, took the hint and retreated to the river, where they forded out to a wooded island which had already been reached by the Major and his staff. No pursuit being made, a man was sent up a tall tree to observe, as a good view of the Valley below Strasburg could be had from that vantage. As the rear of General Elliott's column could be seen returning towards Winchester, the Major called up his forces and moved back to the mainland; crossed over to the Valley Pike and marched to Woodstock, to find that the Federal flanking party had captured and burned his supplies at that place, and following the wagons with rations down towards Fisher's Hill, had burned them, and after such complete success they had found

a negro of whom they sought to learn the extent of the force at Fisher's Hill. In his attempt to give the information sought, being badly scared and so inclined to tell as much as possible that would be valued, he said that the troops down there were moving into the Valley from Richmond. Upon this vague guess or big-eyed statement, the officer in command of the Federal flanking party concluded that he had better retreat by the same road that he had come. This he did and went some ten miles around to the west of Strasburg, when he could have gone by a three-mile march through Strasburg and joined General Elliott.

The loss to the Union cavalry by the ambuscade was about fifteen killed and a score or two wounded, while two slight wounds was all the damage inflicted on the Johnny Rebs, outside of the destruction of their supplies.

That night, after the pickets were rationed and posted, the people brought out from their scanty supplies food to the little army; after which the boys, wearied and sore, lay down where they could rest for marches or battles that a soldier's fortune might bring on the morrow. No man sleeps more soundly or is less disturbed by dreams or fears than the soldier after a day of hard

marching or stubborn battle. His faith is in God and his commanding general, and as he feels no responsibility, he is not disturbed by the sense of care or anxiety which so often prevents sleep when one has a soft bed and no soldier calls to answer.

Now if the brave Major Myers loved any one thing, after his family, more than a skirmish, it was a well-cooked meal; or, if circumstances stood in the way of the cooking, then the meal as it could be had. He was always ready and anxious to fight or eat. On this night a store-keeper, the only one left in this war-impoverished place, invited the Major to make his quarters in the store, which consisted of a room as bare of goods as the street. As there was a counter and a dry floor to sleep on, and a stove for heating, on which a ration could be cooked, it suited the Major well, especially as one of the citizens brought him a jug of milk, a lot of fresh sausage and enough bread for a dozen men. The Major not only jumped at this good fortune, but offered a toast—"Here's to the foremost citizen of Woodstock, for he was the first to bring us a supper."

In addition to the staff—consisting of Lieutenant Marr and Assistant Surgeon Contre—Captain Myers, Mr. Charles Wagner, of Maryland, and one or two others were

asked to share the Major's quarters and supper. While eating to the full had made most of these tired men betake themselves to sleep, it seemed not to have that effect upon at least two of them—Lieutenant Marr and Surgeon Contre. There was some strange fascination felt by the Lieutenant for the Italian, and yet he not only did not like him, but could not answer his own inquiry why he did not. He liked to hear him talk, and as constantly as possible practiced the sabre exercise with him. Contre sought the companionship of Marr, would teach him by the hour, and seemed never to tire of his presence.

On this night the Lieutenant, being near Contre, said to him:

"I want to know if you feel, after killing the three men to-day, that it was just exactly the thing for you to do, as you could hardly be said to be in the line of duty in killing men, while your position in the army calls only for healing and curing; and then to-day you were a volunteer in the fullest sense. I ask whether you feel any compunction (as I do, a man in the direct line of duty, when it has been my ill fortune, as I consider it) to have killed a fellow man even in the heat of battle?"

"Lieutenant," answered Contre, "nothing pleases me so much as to kill a Yankee, and I found to-day that I not only loved surgery, but enjoyed more the making of wounds than the healing of them. No, I do not mind killing those men this morning—am only sorry that I could not destroy *them all* with my own hand."

"On my part," returned Marr, "I cannot bear to think of the first man I ever shot; am thankful that I was compelled to shoot him, and that he fairly forfeited his life by his base conduct."

"Well," said Contre, "while I cannot understand your tenderness, I would like to hear about that fellow you plugged and now cry over."

"I do not say that I cry over it, but as I was taught to believe in the Christian religion and the Bible, I know that the taking of life, especially human life, is a very serious act, a grave act; and if not fully justifiable, a criminal act as well. Contre, do you believe that the Bible contains the word of God?" asked Marr, as he gazed in the dim light at the doctor, like a man who was hungry for an answer to a question upon which much depended.

The Doctor hesitated for a while, and then answered: "I do not believe it as you do.

I admire it, as you all say in English, but it has no influence over me or my actions, and hence does not arraign me for them."

The Lieutenant mused in silence for a minute, when the barrier between Contre and himself became clear to his mind. He believed in God and conscience, while this man did not. This was the gulf that made absolute confidence impossible, knowing which he could better gauge the Doctor and understand his secret repugnance to him, notwithstanding the latter's exuberant devotion.

"Lieutenant," said Contre, "surely you are not going to sleep without telling me about the first bad case, as the doctors say—I mean the fellow you had to kill."

"No, Contre," said Marr, "I will tell you, though I never think of it without regret and never will. It was this way: We had been having a sharp little fight and had driven in the Yankee cavalry. The enemy had thrown out an infantry skirmish line in their and our front, and they were advanced, as I noticed, much farther from the line of battle they had formed than I ever saw on any other occasion. General Stuart came up to our regiment and was much interested in watching the enemy. Presently, turning to the colonel, he motioned him nearer, said something I did not hear, and then turning

towards my company, in front of which he happened to be, and addressing me, he said, 'Take your company and bring me those skirmishers.' This was a dangerous duty, as we had not only the skirmish line to deal with, but that other darker and heavier line of battle behind them. But soldiers are not to question at all, or even to think too much; so I gave the needed orders to forward and deploy, first to trot sharply; and as soon as the ground was half passed, the charge was given and away we went in pretty good line and in quick time, deploying as we went, so that each trooper could have his particular man to capture. As we approached they rallied right and left upon the central man, and executed beautifully the movement that brought three men together as 'guard against cavalry.' In a minute we were upon them and they had surrendered without a shot, though their officers were begging them to fire. I found that the man that I had come up to was the rallying center, and that three instead of one confronted me. I held my pistol towards them and ordered them to throw down their guns. Two of them obeyed, while the third grounded his, holding on to the barrel, but all held up their hands in surrender. I was in the act of returning my pistol to the holster, when by a quick move-

ment the fellow picked up his gun and, without stopping to aim, fired at me. In his haste, and owing to a slight turn of my horse, the flash and charge passed between my body and my horse's head. Without an instant's delay, as the pistol was yet in my hand, I fired at him. It being nearly dark, I could see the flash strike him in the breast. He fell dead; and as there was no time to lose, I motioned the other two men to run back to our line with the rest of their captured, which they did. Their troops retired, and I went forward a little later to see the poor fellow who had forfeited his life by perfidy, and yet whom I was sorry for killing."

"Well, if that is all the sin with which you have to reproach yourself, Lieutenant," returned Contre, "you need not fear being kept out of your happy hunting grounds after the war is over. I think that you did the very best thing, except that you should have shot all three of the rascals and not have left the story incomplete. You are too like a woman, tender of others and hard on yourself; that is all wrong."

"No, Contre, I am not wrong; man cannot create life or recall it, and he has no right to take it except as forced by duty to society. Now I remember that Lieut. Col. Thomas Marshall, Capt. Jack Eastham and Capt. Hillary Magruder, three of the brav-

est men I know in this army, were speaking with me about this unpleasant sensation at the recollection of having killed men in combat, even where it was 'kill or be killed,' and they agree with me. But it is now very late, and if we do not go to sleep the Major will soon want his breakfast."

The next morning, when Lieutenant Marr was sitting alone and looking rather blue, the Doctor came up and said: "Lieutenant, you seem rather despondent this morning, when you should be bright. Of course I do not wish to force myself into your confidence, but if I could help to drive away your clouds I would like to try and handle the job."

"O, thank you, Doctor, but you can't help me in the least, though you may think differently," answered Lieutenant Marr. "I will tell you that I have not heard from my wife and child for many weeks, nor seen them for a year, and when not actively at work I get discouraged a little. I write, but it is rarely the case that my letters get through, and answers have a still harder time in getting to me; the last one I had was brought by a man from Harper's Ferry and delivered to our picket just as I was going the rounds of the pickets on my line, and I came up to the picket at the same time the man did bearing the letter for me. That was strange and wouldn't happen again in a year."

"But, Lieutenant," said Contre, "if you are anxious and want to write to your wife and get an answer soon, you just put it up by this evening, and in a week I will get you an answer. Just trust me, and I will see that your letter goes through and that the answer comes all right."

"You are very kind, Doctor, but I am not willing that you should put yourself in danger or to inconvenience for me, and as the distance is nearly one hundred miles, and beyond the enemy's lines, you don't know the danger that may attend the fulfilment of your kind offer; you may be kind and rash enough to attempt risk that would not be justified by the end to be accomplished."

"You need not consider my risk; write your letter, and say in it that the answer is to be written at once and delivered to the person who hands your letter to the one for whom it is intended, and see if I don't manage the rest for you, so that within ten days you will get an answer."

"Doctor, if you will assure me that you will incur no risk in the matter, and let me bear the full cost, I will accept your offer and will go now and write, and will hand you the letter in an hour; and while I do not see how you can make good your word, I leave the *how* to you."

"All right, I will take it to-night to a man who will convey it for me, and as he is under great obligations to me, there will be no expense."

"Doctor, I accept your offer with thanks, and if we can both get permission to leave the camp, I would like you to take me to the cave you found near here."

"I will take you at some other time, when we are nearer New Market, as it is easier to get to it from that place than from here."

"Your time will suit me. I will see you to-night."

The letter was written and handed to the Doctor, and in nine days Lieutenant Marr received a reply. "This is strange," he said to himself, "but I won't look a gift horse in the mouth."

Extract from my wife's letter:

"I have your letter dated at Woodstock, and the way I got it almost frightened me to death. This morning a regiment of Union cavalry passed through town, having come up from Harper's Ferry. They went up the Smithfield Road only a little way and stopped there. A little while later two Federals rode back and up to our house and knocked. Sarah invited them in; only one came; he asked to see me. When I heard that he wished to see me, remembering that many

arrests had been made lately, my strength just left me; but fortunately brother had come in an hour before, so I made him go down with me, though he was sick. The officer, for such I found him to be, was very much of a gentleman, rose up, and handed me your letter. Seeing that I was so frightened, he said, 'Madam, I have been sent from Harper's Ferry to bring you this letter, and am ordered to say that if you wish to send a reply to your husband, and will have it written before 5 o'clock this evening, I will call for it, and that it will be delivered to him just exactly as you write it, and that if you wish at any time to send a letter to him, and will enclose it in an envelope addressed to the commanding officer at Harper's Ferry, it will be sent to him through our lines without delay or inspection—on condition that it is addressed to no one but your husband.' I thanked him; but what a strange thing it was to have a regiment of Union cavalry march up here to bring me a letter and take back the answer, waiting for me to write it. I remember your saying, so often used, 'wait and see.' Our neighbors will be crazy to know what it all means. I am sure I can't tell. The officer said that all he knew was the order, which he had stated and obeyed."

I say the same to the reader, "Wait and see."

CHAPTER III.

STRANGE EXPERIENCES.

A few days later, when the Major, with his command, had fallen back to Harrisonburg, he called Captain Eastham, Captain Myers, and Lieutenant Marr to consider a plan suggested by a scout just returned from Winchester, where General Milroy was in command, occupying the home of Mr. Lloyd Logan as headquarters. The suggestion was to make a raid so as to reach the neighborhood of Winchester at night, make a sudden dash with fifty mounted picked men, rush into the Logan house, seize General Milroy and bring him on as a hostage. There was a very minute plat, showing the approach that was selected, and giving the number and location of each picket or guard, not only around or in the town, but a diagram of the house showing the guard positions in the house itself. The scout was questioned as to

all the particulars and every item of the proposed program was fully canvassed. After which, by unanimous vote, it was decided to ask the approval and permission of the commanding general to make the raid. Just then Doctor Contre was heard without, and the Major said that as he had been for a time with the troops in Winchester, he might be able to add some valuable suggestions, and he was brought in. He was delighted with the plan, and said that he must be of the party, however large or small. As it might be some days before permission to make the attempt at capture could be had, the Doctor urged that the little force in the Valley be moved down nearer Winchester, so as to save time that would be spent in making a long march after the permit came. This was disapproved, on the ground that any advance might cause greater precautions to prevent attack.

It was decided that a close study should be made, not only by the officers, but before the raid was made each man should be taught and trained in the part he was to take in each and every step of the proceeding; and that two or more should be detailed for each duty, so that in the event of the death or wounding of one man, others would be posted in the duty expected of him. No

better or more carefully concocted plan was ever laid, or more closely studied, and it was the object of the deepest concern for the next five days. Conversation upon the subject, even between the officers who were in the secret, was disallowed.

At the end of the fifth day permission to make the raid to Winchester reached Major Myers' headquarters. His little council was called, and it was determined to pick ten men, bind them on oath to secrecy, explain to them the diagram of the Logan house, without showing them what house or in what town it was, and post each one thoroughly as to the part he was to perform. Capt. Jackson Eastham was to command this house detail, while the work of shoeing the horses and getting ready arms and accoutrements was pushed vigorously.

A scout was sent out to meet an agent in Winchester, who would let him know from a personal visit made that day to the Logan house whether any change had been made in the guard arrangements. As soon as the scout received information of any unusual change being made, or that all was quiet, he was to slip out and meet the raiding party at a point about fifteen miles south of Winchester, so that it could then be determined whether to march on to Winchester or aban-

don the project, as the information might show to be best.

Capt. John Myers was put in command of the cavalry; Captain Eastham of the house detail of twenty men; while Surgeon Contre and Lieutenant Marr were to compose the staff of the Major and be ready to relieve the others if emergency required. Early in the morning, after the scout had been sent two days ahead, the execution of the desperate plan to enter a town surrounded by twenty thousand well-trained soldiers and carry off the Commanding General was begun.

Such raids were becoming quite the fashion. Stuart was the great ranking raider; then Mosby; Capt. George Baylor and General Imboden had each exemplified the boldness and dash of the Confederate cavalier, each having conducted to successful issue plans that for very boldness seemed impossible of conception, much less execution.

Down in a hollow, under the shadow of a thick copse of pines, at night, the raiders waited the coming of the daring scout. The look-out heard his approach, gave and received answer to the signal agreed upon, and he was soon in conference with the officers, who were much chagrined to learn that the plan was evidently known, or that some attack was suspected from some quarter, as

not only had all pickets and camp guards been doubled that day, but orders had been given the troops to sleep upon their arms; while a heavy detail had been made to so guard the Logan house as to make it impossible for any attack upon it to succeed. As the nearness of Baylor and Mosby made it possible that these unusual means had been adopted by General Milroy to preclude the possibility of capture by them, Major Myers attributed the precaution taken to that cause, and with a feeling of deep disappointment he ordered the little command to retrace its march, camped near Strasburg, and moved back to Harrisonburg the next day.

As the command of Major Myers was only a temporary one, made up of fragments of several arms of the service, to protect the upper valley during General Jackson's absence in other sections, an order was sent for the Major, Captain Myers, Captain Eastham, and Lieutenant Marr to rejoin their commands, while Surgeon Contre was ordered to report to the Surgeon-in-Chief of the Army for duty, and thus by one of the constant changes of war, all but the surgeon were called to the eastern section of Virginia to take their part in the horse and artillery army of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. The battle of Cedar Mountain was fought,

followed soon by that of Manassas, and the advance into Maryland by the Confederate Army, and their capture of Harper's Ferry, with eleven thousand men and seventy pieces of cannon. The battle of Sharpsburg, or Antietam, concluded that movement, after which Gen. Robert E. Lee re-crossed the Potomac, followed to that river slowly by General McClellan. As the Confederate general was encumbered with many men too severely wounded to be moved across the river, a hospital was established, and a corps of surgeons was detailed to remain and render the service needful in the condition existing. Among those thus detailed was Surgeon Contre. When this was made known to his former companions of the "Myers army," as it was called by its own members, it was predicted on all hands that Contre could not regulate his tongue so as to keep out of trouble. They were right, it seems, for in less than a week they heard that he had been arrested and thrown into prison for intemperate and even abusive language about the officers and soldiers, indeed of every person and thing pertaining to the Union Army or the Union itself. No more was heard from him for two or three weeks, when, all unexpectedly, he turned up at the camp of Col. Richard Dulany of the Seventh Virginia Cav-

alry, to which his old companions of the "Myers army" belonged. He was an interesting visitor, and told of his arrest for swearing at some of the Federal soldiers, who angered him greatly. He protested that as a Confederate surgeon left to attend the wounded he was not liable to arrest, but in spite of his protestations he was at first kept under guard, and then sent to Point Lookout, though not put into prison there, but kept under guard awaiting action by the War Department upon his case, which at last began to look less trivial than he had at first thought. He said that the more he studied about it, the more strongly he was impressed with the idea that the best thing was not only to enter a plea of alibi, but to make that plea good by running off; so he took up the role in which he had such signal success before, and having overheard the countersign for that night, he boldly held five twenty-dollar gold pieces in his hand so that the guard could see them; played them from one hand to the other, and when the guard passed a little nearer than he had before he said that he took that for a consent to accept the money and let him go. He slipped it to him, gave the countersign in passing the outer guards, and trudged on to Washington, where he went to the house of a friend very

near to the residence of the Italian Minister. This friend supplied all his needs, kept him for nearly two weeks, and then sent him off well provided with money.

He started at night, and went up the Potomac River till near a ford, to which he had been directed, and to his horror learned that it was picketed by the Federals. It was too late to turn back, as he had been discovered; nor was there much time for consideration. As there was only one man on the post, he determined to go up as close as he could and then dismount, surrender, and explain to the picket that he wanted to see his best girl on the other side, and that he would come back in one hour, bringing her back behind him. As a pledge of his honesty of purpose he offered to leave a hundred dollar bill with the picket, and was to get it back when he returned on his way home.

This plan went well with the picket, who eagerly took the money as a pledge, and told him to go ahead and be sure to get back in an hour, as he would be relieved and a new man would be on duty. He started in, but had gone only about half way across the shallow ford when the officer in command of that part of the picket line came up to the post, and hearing a man riding through the shallow rocky bed of the river, supposed that

the rider was coming towards them. He ordered the guard to halt him. The guard called upon him to halt, but as he did not heed, and it being too dark for the officer to see that the rider had been going towards the Virginia side of the river, he, after listening for a moment, found that the rider was going from them and had not halted. He naturally thought that the command to halt had caused him to turn back towards the Virginia shore, and so ordered the guard to fire. That quickened the pace of the doctor, and he knew that no amount of parleying could do him any good; besides which he had felt that the aim of the guard had been too true, and had cut through his upper left arm, making an ugly flesh wound. Several other shots were fired, but as he had gained the shore and was anxious to stay the loss of blood, he put the heavy trees on the bank of the stream between himself and the unwelcome attentions of the guard, and rode for dear life towards Leesburg. His trials were not quite over yet, for as he rode rapidly up the turnpike towards the town he heard from a clump of bushes the call "Halt!" Then he felt that he must take the chances, and if it was a Federal force, do the best that circumstances would allow after he had surrendered. And if it chanced to be a Confed-

erate force he would explain his case and be sent to his friends.

It turned out that Colonel Mosby was executing one of his menaces at one section in order to strike another, which was so characteristic of the great partisan chieftain, and he had a picket out to avoid a rear lick. This was the obstacle against which the surgeon had run. He said he never before felt so much like singing a doxology such as he had heard in Confederate camp services. There was the Doctor, bandaged up, quite pale, but in other respects as good as new, and "worth a dozen dead Indians," as the Major said. Of course he would not be fit for duty for a while, nor allowed to again enter the service or bear arms until his case had been made the subject of negotiations or he had been regularly exchanged.

"Lieutenant Marr," said Contre, "if you will permit me, I would like to stay with you until I find out what I am to do, and will hustle around for good rations while I am with you, to pay you for your trouble, if you will take me in. I have money that will buy good things, if any are to be had in this country."

"All right, Doctor," returned Marr, "I have only a place by my fire, and a share of whatever we can get to offer, but to them you are welcome."

CHAPTER IV.

AS TOLD BY THE CAMP-FIRE.

That night, after the duties of the day were all done and the sleeping men lay around the dying camp fires, the Doctor said:

"Now, Lieutenant, I have told you all about my foolish talkativeness and escape, and I want to hear what adventures you have met with. While we sit here and smoke, tell me about anything unusual that has happened since I saw you last."

"I have met two or three little out-of-the-way experiences, but fear they are so far eclipsed by your own that you will not care to hear or take interest in them," answered Lieutenant Marr.

"Now you can't get off that way; I am not going to be cheated out of the tale you can tell of those extras, so go on with the story," rejoined Contre.

"If you will have them, I will give them to you for what they are worth," said Marr.

"Ten days before the second Manassas, General Stuart sent me up to a place called Waterloo Bridge, across the Upper Rappahannock River, with my company, with instructions to hold that bridge while I had a man left. This was all easy enough as long as nothing but a weak picket force held the other end, but when a regiment of Federal infantry were seen heading for it, there seemed every chance of not bringing off any live men. As soon as I got to the post at the south end of the bridge, I sent a detail of men back to a farm house on the hill and made them bring down the wagons and carts which was done, and with a few shovels we began to throw up dirt just as fast as the shovels could be worked. This, with some logs and a few rails, enabled us to make up a nice breast-work, with pits in its rear. In the meantime we were fighting the pickets and using every chip or sod that would help our defense; we finished none too soon, as in a minute we were notified that quite a number of folks wanted not only one, but both ends of that bridge, as a hot volley was fired at us; but thanks to our works, the fire proved nearly harmless. It was followed by five men bearing pots of burning pitch or oil. So sudden was the attempt that they got almost to the middle of the bridge be-

fore we made out their purpose; but when we did I ordered ten men to fire, and only one of their poor fellows ran back, and he was badly wounded. Another, and then a third of these foolish efforts were made, before the fool in command over there realized that he could not burn a wet bridge in easy range of sixty of the best riflemen in the Confederate Army.

"If he had charged, of course we, with our little squad, would have been killed or swept away; but he relied upon shooting his ammunition into our old carts and earthworks, till a courier came up at a rapid gate, and instantly I saw that they were falling back. The fact was that Company A of our Seventh had captured the ford at the Fauquier Springs and turned the flank of the party in our front, which took away all their desire for the 'Waterloo Bridge.'

"The other occasion, or incident, was after General Jackson, with sixteen thousand men, inclusive of General Stuart's cavalry and the horse artillery, had captured Manassas in the rear of General Pope, which took place at daybreak after a long forced march. I received an order from Colonel Dulaney to report with one hundred men to General Stuart, and was informed by our adjutant that General Jackson had sent an order to

General Stuart, asking for an 'officer who did not use liquor at all.' General Stuart sent the order to our brigadier, who sent it to Colonel Dulaney. He named me in his order, and if the same requirement had been exacted as to the men of the detail, it could not have been obeyed, as very few soldiers declined liquor if shoved at them.

"I called out the men; found out where General Jackson was, and told him why I came.

" 'Do you ever use liquor?' he said.

" 'No,' I answered.

" 'Not under any circumstances?' he asked.

"I answered that if to keep sober was what he wanted, I could fill the bill. He mounted, told me to follow him, and rode a few hundred yards from where his staff were huddled around the fire, then halted and pointed to a large warehouse, saying: "You see that large building? In it is stored a very large quantity of liquors. You take your command there, take as many of the prisoners as you need; make them roll barrels of bread down to that point of the railroad crossing, so that my men can get bread, and then destroy every drop of the liquor. No man is to have a particle; this order is of the first importance, as I fear that liquor more than General Pope's army.'

"'I will execute your order,' I said, and saluted.

"He started to ride back, when I called out, 'General, suppose that some officer of high rank should arrest me in order to get at the liquor.'

"He looked at me with a serious earnestness I shall never forget, and said, 'You are not subject to arrest to-day, except upon my written order; now do your duty.'

"I marched up to the warehouse, which I found full of valuable stores and hospital supplies, cordials, brandy, and fruit of all kinds, as well as canned meats and vegetables, with jellies and wines almost without limit. A lot of prisoners, under guard, were put to moving the bread and eatables down to the place designated by the General. Five men were stationed at each of the large doors, with orders neither to enter nor permit any one else to enter the warehouse, no matter who he might be. Everything went on quietly for a while, though I was very uneasy in view of the great temptation of the men who were detailed to spill the liquor through the floor of the house. After a few hours I was called to one of the doors by the corporal in charge there. I found a brigadier general, with his staff, on their horses and dignity, feeling very much offended because my men had

refused them permission to enter, or bring them the liquor demanded. I told them of my orders, and that it was impossible to accommodate them, but that I would give them any eatables that the building contained. At this the general raved, and swore that he would have the liquor or die! I told him that he could not have the liquor, and that if he tried to force his way in he would die very soon. O, but he was hot then! Asked my name, rank, and regiment, all of which I gave him with due meekness.

"He then said, 'I will arrest you for your conduct to a superior officer!' He turned to his staff as if he would dismount to make the threat good.

"I ordered my men to level their rifles and make ready. Then he tried coaxing, but made no headway, and soon got mad again.

"I seriously expected to have to disable them, when I saw Gen. A. P. Hill galloping toward the warehouse. He came up, and I told him that General Jackson had put me there, and of my orders. He turned to the brigadier and spoke very sharply, upon which the fellow, with his staff, rode off.

"General Hill asked if my orders embraced the burning of the building. I told him that I had no orders to burn the building. He said it should be done, and it was burned.

No man got any liquor out of that house, though other buildings contained sutler's stocks, and among them small quantities of liquors, which the soldiers were permitted to 'fisticate,' much to their gratification.

"Now, Doctor, I have told you about all of personal interest to me that has taken place since we parted; let us turn in for the night, and in the morning we will hear some more of your adventures."

After breakfast next morning, Captain Magruder and Lieutenant Marr had a hearty laugh over a squabble they overheard among the men at the fire nearest their camp.

It seems that one John Miller, finding that all the trees near were in use, a horse being haltered to each, had untied one of the horses from a convenient sapling and then tied his own horse in its place. The owner of the loose horse, Henry Oaks, finding out whose horse had been put in the place of his, came up to the fire where Miller stood, and said with great deliberation, "John Miller, you took my tree, and the next time you hitch my horse loose, I will hitch your horse loose."

This put all in good humor, and the Doctor coming up, Marr asked him if Captain Magruder had ever told him about the first capture of Warrenton, Va., by the Federal

raiders. He said "No," and at once beset the Captain to tell him about it. Magruder acquiesced as follows: "When war was first declared all the towns and villages formed companies of home guards, who were to protect them against the Federal armies. Warrenton formed quite a good sized company. They elected officers and went to drilling. Amongst the members was a long-bearded, tall, fine looking Presbyterian preacher, Mr. P———. It could be said pretty truly of him that he belonged to the church militant, as he had been for secession and carried himself more like a soldier than a clergyman. This home guard was instructed as to the position assigned each, should the Union troops be so rash as to attempt to tackle the home guards, and all felt that they were secure. Time wore on, until one night a raiding party of about one hundred Federals marched unexpectedly into the town and were having things their own way, when the people awoke to the fact that 'the Greeks were at their doors.' Of course everybody was scared, and no wonder, for not a move was heard from the home guards, nor was a single one of them to be found; probably because there was no one to lead off or rally them.

"The next day, after the troops were gone and the gallant guard had got back home, the funny part of the thing came out. Reverend P—— had been captain of the guards, and next to him in command was a hot-headed fellow, who, being a little lame, was only prevented from going with the volunteers by that fact. His name we will call H——. He gave the following account of his part in the *orderly retreat* made by each man for himself. He said that when he heard the firing he ran across lots and climbed as many fences, and as high fences, as he came to; that he was a mile from town when he lay down in the grass at the bottom of a fence to await the result of his strategical movements; and after lying there for over two hours, he thought he would venture to sit up. As he executed this movement he heard, and what was more terrible, he saw a fierce-looking man jump down not ten feet from him. As soon as he could get his voice he cried out, 'I surrender!' Captain P—— was the man who jumped off the fence, and called out to him, 'Don't shoot!' and there they were, like two ninnies—one trying to surrender and the other begging him not to shoot. These men were brave, but had just been panic-stricken.

"That County of Fauquier," Captain Magruder concluded, "furnished the Ashby brothers, Turner and Richard, each of whom died at the front; Captain Sheets, killed at Buckton Station; the gallant Dan Hatcher; the Brents and Paynes; and Lieut. Orlando Smith, who was shot at the same time Lieutenant Marr was wounded in the Wilderness; and a host of other brave men; but a panic cannot be either measured or accounted for."

"Yes, that is true," said Lieutenant Marr. "You remember, Captain, that the night we pursued General Banks into Winchester, as the victorious troops were marching along the pike lighted by the burning wagons of 'the commissary,' as we called General Banks, how the 33rd Virginia, as brave a regiment as ever fired a gun, had come up to two burning wagons, and were in high glee, when suddenly some shells in the wagon exploded. Instantly the men ran in every direction, yet next day, strange to say, each man said that he was not with that part of the regiment that ran away. As the explosion made it darker for a while, they all got back without being seen."

"Now, Lieutenant Marr," said Captain Magruder, "as you have made me tell the Doctor the home-guard story, you tell us about that raid you made across the Rappa-

hannock River on that horse-stealing expedition. The truth is, Doctor, Marr don't like to attend to a horse, and would rather risk being shot trying to get a fat horse than to keep his own fat."

"No, Doctor, that is not the case," rejoined Marr; "for while I have five I don't get feed enough for one. You shall judge when I tell you that our company was nearly disabled from constant marching and fighting, when we were sent down to act as a reserve force to the company on duty guarding the few crossings of the Rappahannock River. And as our horses were so thin and forage so scarce, quite a number of the men begged to go home to the Valley, and pledged that if furloughed they would bring back fresh horses. I knew Gen. D. O. Funsten, of Clarke County, Va., very well. He was in command of the brigade. I got Lieut. Col. Thomas Marshall, our daring little lieutenant colonel, to go with me to General F. and ask permission to take fifty men, ford the river and capture the horses on the other side. This permission was granted, with the admonition not to bring on a battle if possible to avoid it. That very morning one of my men had a visit from a young cousin of his who had slipped through the lines, and near whose home the Federal reserve was

encamped in the woods about a mile from the river. He agreed to pilot us, as he knew every foot of the way, even on the darkest night. All hands were soon ready. The raid was to be made on foot, each man to carry a pistol, no gun or sabre; the pistol to be kept dry even if the man drowned, and not a word was to be spoken by any one, except by the guide or the officer in command, from the time we left camp until we returned to our side of the river. The night was dark, and with a misty rain falling was so cold that no amount of clothing would warm a man.

"We entered the water as quietly as we could in the darkest shadow of the ford, and slowly felt our way, nearly frozen by the cold, dark water. The place was a blind ford and was not as closely guarded as those better known. My teeth chattered so I thought that the pickets would surely be alarmed and detect our design. The men had all been instructed to stoop when in shallow water, of which we found little, and only stand erect when the water would cover the body in that position; the head and the pistol only must be above the water. At that point the river bed was very wide but fairly smooth, but, oh, it was cold enough to freeze the marrow in our bones, that December night! At last we got over, and got down on all fours, and then

crawled for nearly half a mile, so that we might not be seen by the pickets on either side of us, between two of whom we passed. We kept up this infantile progress until we came to a ditch that had little water in it, and was deep enough to conceal us pretty well. We followed the guide, single file, up this ditch until we came to a piece of dark timber, when we could stand up for the first time in safety. As to keep together in the dark and not speak was a difficulty, we overcame it by the use of a thick twine string which each man held with his left hand, holding his pistol with his right; and so we marched 'end on,' as our guide called our new movement. It worked well, and kept us together in the pitchy darkness of that terrible night.

"It was about one o'clock in the morning when we came in sight of the log fire of the folks we had come to visit from over the way. They were down in a hollow, or very low place, pretty well shut in by brush, by which we knew that hiding was their game. We could not form a line of battle, nor surround the men lying about the fire, as the bushes prevented, so we had to attack 'end-on.' The guide alone stopped, and we stole by him as cautiously as possible. Only one man was found sitting up, and he was an officer and asleep. My idea was to seize him and quietly

wake one at a time, secure the horses and ride out; but a camp guard who was posted only about fifty yards from the fire saw me as the first man to come between him and the blaze. Then he sang out in a loud, scared voice: 'Who goes there?' This awakened the sleeping officer, who, as quick as a wink, shot at me across the fire. I returned his courtesy in kind, and at that moment felt a blow in the small part of my back—then all became dark and down I went.

"Lieutenant Orlando Smith was next in command, and carried out the plan splendidly, securing at least a good horse for each man, and an extra few upon which his prisoners were mounted by the light of the fire; but they all dropped off in the dark woods through which the retreat had to be made, and when our party got to the river not a prisoner did they have, though they were badly scattered and demoralized.

"As for me, at first I lost consciousness and knew nothing of the victor's joy. A pain, a sharp report, and darkness, and all was apparently over with me. As I learned afterward, one of my men—William Minnick, a bold and terrible man in battle, who was from Brock's Gap, Rockingham County, a fine specimen of the man and soldier—resolved that I should not be left, even if I was dead.

So he laid me in front of him across his horse, and with the help of others came on in that way, till in crossing the river my hands, head, and feet reached into the water; this somewhat revived me, when they set me upright and thus brought me over; then they got up a stretcher of halter straps, two rails, and some coats, and brought me thus to camp. My life was despaired of by the surgeon for a while, but though my clothes were cut through and a large contusion made upon my backbone, the bone was not broken, nor did the predicted paralysis take place. That is the end of the story, and came near being the end of me."

"Now, Lieutenant, you have heard that 'a man who is born to be hanged won't be drowned,'" said Captain Magruder. "That may be the reason why that fellow who blew off the top of your hat did not hit, as the doctor says, 'higher down.'"

CHAPTER V.

MORE CAMP-FIRE TALES.

The Laurel Brigade was, a few months later, encamped between New Market and Harrisonburg, in their beloved Valley, from which most of the men of the Seventh, and many of the other regiments, had volunteered. Doctor Contre had been a large part of his time in Richmond, trying to get the War Department to effect an exchange for him, so that he could get back into the service; he was of so active and restless a nature that he could not repress that overflowing activity of his energy, for which reason Marr told him that he was all right as long as he was in motion, but would spoil if kept still like water. It was rumored that while in Richmond, with his wounded arm yet in a sling, and looking pale and intellectual, he had met with a wound of a different kind. He had met there one of Richmond's beauties, a Miss Sanders, and had been so fasci-

nated that much of his time had been spent, first in getting an introduction, and later in following up the siege upon which he was now bent. This his old friends in the Seventh had only by hearsay, which is not always reliable; and in time of war it is not safe to believe anything you don't know to be absolutely true.

Doctor Contre turned up at camp one fine crisp day in December and dropped in on Magruder and Marr as they came off the morning drill. He was warmly welcomed, and he announced that he would billet himself upon them for a while, as he was compelled to wait until the Department had settled his status. He said that in order to show his recollection of them in his absence he had bought a trunk in Richmond and filled it with such luxuries as they did not often taste. He asked that they send a man over to the station to get the reply to a telegram that he had wired to Staunton to know why the trunk had not reached New Market, as it should. A man was sent and returned in an hour, to say that the stage had not brought the trunk; but he brought a dispatch from the quartermaster at S——— saying, "Have sent your trunk by A. M. Bulance to New Market." No one knew who this Bulance could be, and all began to

fear that the good things had been confiscated, as they often were, by the couriers. The Doctor raved, and the good Major, who had been told that he would be expected to help out with the eatables, and had consented without the least persuasion, proposed that we all go on a search, and never stop till we got the contents of that trunk. When all were about to adopt this vigorous method for finding the good things, and the camp had been stirred up over it, Captain Magruder picked up the dispatch, and laughed out as he saw that the trunk had been sent by the ambulance of the regiment that day to their quarters. This put all in a good humor once more and pleased the Major to such a degree that he started some men out to meet Mr. "A. M. Bulance," and escort his charge into camp. When the good things arrived and he found boneless turkey, lobsters, oysters, corn, tomatoes, clams, sardines, coffee, tea, prunes, brandy peaches, cordial and wine, it was just too much for poor hungry men who had been so long without a full meal! They did not know how hungry they were for things not on the Confederacy's bill of fare! They all had a jolly dinner, which lasted well into the night; and when the dozen of well-fed officers parted for the night

it was with a consciousness that each had done his best.

Magruder, Marr, and the Doctor were left at the fireside for one of the long talks they usually indulged in when together. The Lieutenant was asked to tell about the last two scouts he had made by the orders of Gen. William E. Jones, who was in command of Laurel Brigade. General Jones was familiarly called "Citizen Jones," as he never wore a uniform. Generally, in warm weather, he went in his shirt sleeves, his coat tied on behind his saddle, and the brown and faded back of his vest the most conspicuous thing about him, except his bravery first, and his profanity next—qualities in which he had few equals, and no superiors, in the army. This old brigade, organized by the lamented Gen. Turner Ashby, afterward commanded in turn by Robertson, Jones, and Rosser, made a history for itself of daring deeds and great results. All of its commanders but Rosser were killed in the forefront of battle. Rosser, one of the finest cavalry officers developed by the inter-state war, yet survives to be beaten in the scramble for political preferment. Rosser had a fashion of calling too often on "our good friend, the enemy," as Gen. R. E. Lee called the Federals. No matter how far from Rosser the nearest camp of

the enemy might be, nor how well fortified, Rosser was sure to make a raid upon him, and was nearly always successful; even to the capture of New Creek, a perfect Mountain Gibraltar, without the loss of a man.

"Now, Lieutenant, let us have the account of the two scouting parties you led since I was here last," said the Doctor.

"The first one came out of the way the distillers treated 'Old Citizen Jones,' after he had dealt so leniently with them," began the Lieutenant. "Complaint had come to the General that the stills were using up all the grain, so that the people, as well as the army, were likely to suffer from the scarcity and price of grain. The General ordered them to stop the distilling of grain, but they did not mind the order. He then ordered them to bring in all the 'still caps' and store them under guard in Staunton. They obeyed, brought in the copper caps, but made others of wood, and went on with the manufacture. This made the General mad, and he swore like the army in Flanders. He sent a courier for me, and when I answered his summons, he told me the history of his efforts to control the matter, and said 'Lieutenant, you pick out twenty good men, go all through the mountains, sieze and destroy every still house, spill the liquor and cut up

the stills, and if you are resisted hang the stiller; I mean that very thing!' We had sharp fighting to capture some of them, and several of my men were slightly wounded.

"At one place we had more trouble and fighting than anywhere else, the women taking part in its defense. We had gone to work to cut and burn, when I noticed a large, strong-looking woman running down towards us from the hut on the hill, with a large horse bucket in her hand, and a white bandage around her head. She ran up to me and said, 'Sir, won't you please let me have a little liquor for my headache? It is the only thing that does me any good.' I declined to approve the prescription, whereupon she fell to cursing me.

"The other adventure was when we were down in Berkley County, near Martinsburg. The General called me to go to his camp, and showed me a note from Mrs. Charles J. Faulkner, of Martinsburg, saying that a man named Mericle, who professed to be a pedler, was a spy, and that he was in the habit of crossing the Potomac River near there with goods, and returning with all the information he could gather about our army. She gave particulars of the way in which she thought he could be caught. The General said to me, 'You go down there and take

that man Mericle.' We went down, watched along the river, and at daybreak Mericle came over in a one-horse wagon, with quite a lot of goods and some letters that would have proved very valuable to General Jones. And the strangest thing was that the outside letter of the parcel was addressed to Dr. Lou Lile Contre, I suppose from the Italian Embassy. I told a sergeant to ride in front and told Mericle to follow with his wagon until he had crossed a little stream that was just ahead. When he reached the other side of this stream, I asked the sergeant for the letters, and he said they were in his coat pocket, but found that the whole lot had run through a great hole in his pocket, gone into the stream and were lost. I was much provoked at this, and ordered the sergeant to take a man with him and take Mericle with his wagon to the rear to General Jones, while I went to see where the Federal force was, and was greatly worried to find when I got to camp the horse and wagon, but no Mericle. It seems that the foolish sergeant, in place of making his guard ride behind the wagon, took him with him in front, and on coming to a narrow road down a steep hill the fellow had jumped out behind, and the horse just followed those foolish guards.

"Now, Captain, it is your turn to tell us your experience on your last scout, and then we will have the Doctor tell us about that campaign he is prosecuting in Richmond."

Captain Magruder said: "My story will be a short one: I had left my men at the ford, up on the Madison River, and started out alone to see a lady friend who lived about three miles beyond our lines, and about the same distance this side of the Federal lines. I know that I had no business to run that risk, as the Sammies came out every day, but I went.

"As it was raining lightly, I put my gum cloth on, and then no one could tell which army I belonged to, as the gum cloth covered all my dress but my boots. I had gone a little over a mile when I came in sight of some kind of a group of men and horses; I had just come around a sharp curve in the road, and was right on them. There was one man on a horse, holding two other horses by their bridles; two men were up a cherry tree eating cherries. As soon as I took in the situation, I took out my pistol, held it under my oil cloth and did not check my pace nor seem in the least concerned about them. I kept my eye on the fellow holding the horses, to see that he did not touch his carbine, till I got close enough to touch; then

I put the pistol in his face and told him to hold up his hands. This he did as well as he could with the bridles in his hands. I then said, 'you move your hands and I'll shoot you.' By this time the two up the tree had started to come down. I called out, 'none of that, you stay up there, or I'll bring you down another way!'

"I reached and took all the carbines, hung them on the saddle of one horse, and then made the two men come down, one at a time. The first one I made mount behind the man who had held the horses, then the other fellow had to come down and get on the horse that had no carbine on its saddle. I made them each hold the bridle of the other's horse, and not that of the horse he rode. I mounted the horse that carried the arms, and then gave the prisoners to understand that if they spoke or tried to escape, I would shoot all three. We turned about and rode in a trot for the ford, where my men were, and arrived with all three prisoners, three guns and three horses, though I did not get to see my lady friend. And now, Doctor, we will listen while you tell us about that capture in Richmond."

"O, that don't count, as nothing has been determined. But this I will promise: I will bring her on a visit to your camp."

Captain Magruder was then importuned for a story, and told the following interesting tale:

"As you all know, General Rosser made two raids out to the Moorefield and Petersburg Valleys. On the first of these raids, after reaching the main road from New Creek to Petersburg, we turned northward and encamped within three miles of the Federal force, which was much larger than ours, and directly in whose route we had planted ourselves. The mercury was thirty degrees below zero, the road a mass of ice, and the whole mountain encrusted with frozen snow. We had enough fuel and used it without stint, as almost constant effort was required to keep from freezing. To keep warm in the teeth of such a bitter night was the chief end of man. My men had just taken possession of a huge dry log, four feet thick, and built a fire against it that promised as much comfort as was possible, when an orderly came up to me with an order from the General, saying that he wanted an officer and ten men to make a scout to the westward of the camp of the enemy, and see if there was a country road that led to a ford which could be used in order to get well to the rear of the enemy. The General said that as all the men had been worked so hard and exposed both day and

night, he would not make any detail; but that he would be greatly gratified if men enough would volunteer. The service was very important and the information was wanted at once.

"I called the men to me in an informal way about the fire and said that I was going either with those who would volunteer, or alone, if no one else was willing to go. Every man in the squadron offered as with one voice. I made them draw lots, and soon we were in the saddle. We had minute directions, which fortunately I gave to the sergeant of the squad.

"We started, and after going about half a mile we found ourselves on a ridge, from which we could see distinctly the fires of the enemy's camp as well as our own. We passed down the side of this ridge to a little valley between two ridges. While down there we could not see the fires of either side. Just then my stirrup broke, and I halted to fix it. I told the sergeant to go on with the men slowly and quietly and that I would overtake them soon. While I had the saddle girth loose, my horse turned fool and got so impatient for the others that he made a sudden start, threw the saddle blankets into the road and capered all over the place. At last I got him quieted, and he seemed to have

determined not to bother any further about the others. I mounted, looked around, could see no familiar points; listened, but could hear nothing but the sharp cold wind whistling through the dreary hills. I was lost! My horse had spun around so much as to cause me to lose my reckoning. I felt sure that the sergeant would retrace his steps when he found that I did not follow, and waited an hour for his return. It was too cold and useless to stand still, so I thought I would go—but where? I could from either ridge see the two lines of fires. To ride up to one would be all right, but if it should be the wrong one, what then? I realized a sense of utter loneness that surprised me. I thought of the intuition said to be possessed by the horse, and the idea of just giving him the rein and trusting in God to direct took strong possession of me. I thought I would test the plan, and found that if I headed him one way he would go in that direction, and vice versa. So it was evident that he was as badly lost as I. Indeed, he seemed to tremble and fear as though he knew the situation. At last, being nearly dead with cold, I made up my mind that I would ride toward the line where I noticed a much brighter fire than at any other place on either of the two ranges of fires, for it was now late, and I believed

that big black log was doing the beacon-light business. So I held my pistol ready and rode boldly up to the picket; was halted, gave our countersign, and was ready to shoot and run if I turned out to be in the wrong camp. I was right! That big log we left burning brightly when we moved back to the Valley the next day. I shall never envy any one who gets lost between the lines."

Captain Magruder was thanked warmly for his interesting narrative, and then the chaplain, Rev. Theodore Carson, gave the following pathetic story:

"On the evening of the second day of one of the greatest battles which has marked the mighty struggle between the North and the South, after the grassy plain had been fought over by the contending lines of infantry, and was thickly strewn with dead and wounded men, dismantled guns, broken-down ammunition wagons, discarded muskets, and other evidences of the heat of the contest that had swept over the pretty green sward and converted it into a field of blood and carnage—about four o'clock in the evening, an order was sent to the general in command of the cavalry and horse artillery, Stuart, to press forward and convert the slow retreat of the enemy into a rout.

"Quickly the bugles sounded the advance, which, beginning with a trot, soon became a gallop, till much of the field had been crossed; then, as the lines of the foe came into sight, the grand charge began—five thousand horsemen, with sabres flashing in the summer sun, the troops yelling, the artillery thundering along over the dead and dying, the earth fairly trembling under the hoofs and wheels of the vast host, as it swept on up the slope of the ridge upon which the guns of the enemy were posted, and which were belching out their sheets of fire and hail of iron right into the face of the coming squadrons, who with a mad yell, and whirling sabres, soon cut down or captured the gunners who could not escape, and broke the lines of their support. A wild stampede followed, which was soon converted into a confused flight, each moment worse confounded by their own captured guns as well as ours turned upon them as they fled over the southern plain. It was in this grand and resistless charge that for an instant, as I passed near a little mound of earth which had been thrown out of a drain, I noticed stretched upon it a wounded soldier, a mere boy. He lay upon his back, and was holding up a little book with both hands. Time only was there for one glance at the poor fellow, but it was long enough to show

that he had fought his last battle and that soon his life would be gone. His gaze was fixed on that open book. For him the boom of cannon, the roar of musketry, the shouts of the victor, and the flight of the vanquished had no voice that could engage his soul, now holding its last earthly communion with the Crucified One through the word of that book.

"Never while I live will I forget that one glance of the dying boy, and the evident absorption of his whole soul—not in the great scenes enacted about him, but in the words of Jesus. He was some mother's boy, who, when he left home for the last time, had been given by her that little book. She would watch for his return in vain; soon his body would be buried in the shallow trench with many others, but it was with his mother's God and of his heavenly home he then communed. We know that only one book of all the libraries of earth could have had a message for that soul, when the grandest and most awful scenes of earth could no longer have any interest for one who was about to join in the exultant song of victory with the bright convoy of angels who issued forth from the gates to welcome him into the rest which remaineth 'over the river under the shade of the trees.'"

Lieutenant Marr was then coaxed by the Doctor, who seemed never to tire of personal reminiscences, to tell of the swap on the picket line.

"One dark, murky morning," said Marr, "I was going the rounds of my part of the picket line, when on breaking through a thicket of swamp, well down on the flat bank of the Rappahannock River, which was then our outer line, just where I expected to find myself within a few feet of the 'Man in Gray,' to my great surprise I ran in front of a Yankee soldier on post where my man should have been. The fellow saluted, and to my demand to know what he was doing there, he pointed across the river, where, sure enough, I saw Alvin Horn, of my own company. Just then he secured a partly-filled bag from a trooper and rode across the ford to where I was. The Federal then stated that they were only trading coffee for tobacco, and meant no harm. Of course I scolded, and explained that, for a time, he did duty in the enemy's service, but did not prefer charges, as his act, so innocent in purpose, would have been punished with death."

CHAPTER VI.

RISKY BUSINESS—MORE STORIES.

A few days later, Colonel Dulany, then in command of the Seventh, issued a call for all of the commissioned officers of the regiment to meet at his headquarters; and when they were assembled he stated that Surgeon Contre was well enough and willing to teach the use of the sabre if a sufficient number could be gotten. That as Doctor Contre would charge nothing, it would be a good opportunity for the officers to acquire proficiency and then instruct the non-commissioned officers, after which they could teach the men. All but a few of the officers agreed to take lessons whenever Doctor Contre was strong enough. And for the next few weeks, not only the officers, but many of the men, were hard at work with the sabre from morning until night when not on other duty or drilling.

After all had come back into camp and Captain Magruder, Captain Myers, Lieu-

tenant Marr, and Surgeon Contre were again huddled around the large fire that was needful to make living out of doors possible, the Doctor said:

"Now we want the Lieutenant to tell us all about that last mission on which he went for General Jones, when he resigned so mysteriously and was so quickly back and so promptly reelected. I have before had only an inkling of the intended trip. Come, let us have the story in full by all means."

"Well," said Marr, "here it is. One evening, after a heavy fall of snow and a cold snap had set in, General Jones' orderly came to me with a message to come to his quarters and remain till morning. Of course I at once started for the General's tent, reaching headquarters about ten o'clock. Upon being ushered into his presence the General said, 'Marr, I want a long talk with you, and if you have had your supper, take off as much of your clothing as you like and take those two robes and make your bed there, so that we need not talk loud.' I did as I was told, and when I was comfortable the General continued: 'Now if you do not wish to perform the service I will indicate, just decline it, as it is an extra hazardous duty, and should never be exacted of any soldier. I wish to find out with absolutely accuracy what the Fed-

eral force is now at Harper's Ferry, and the names of the officers and whose brigades are there. In other words, I must know what their strength is at that point. We are planning a raid west of that place, and do not want to stir them up by a scout movement in that direction, so some one must take his life in hand and go there, knowing that if caught it might go hard with him.'

"'General,' I said, 'tell me your plan; what means you would suggest, and to what measures you would resort if your man was caught.'

"'I have thought the matter over, and I would like to have you undertake the task,' said the General, 'resigning your commission in the army to-morrow morning. I will see that it is accepted and that a discharge from the service is signed by General Jackson. Change your clothes and go as a spy, and not as a scout. Don't get caught, but if you *are* caught and they want to condemn you, they shall be notified that an officer of high rank, now in our hands, shall have the same fate meted out to you. He is a near relative of the Secretary of State of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet, and I have reason to know that he shall not escape before you get back, or live an hour longer than you do. They would not allow that man to be executed for a regi-

ment of men, as his friends have great power. When you return you shall be reelected to your present position, or, if you prefer it, shall have promotion. All I tell and promise you is with the knowledge of General Jackson, and will be confirmed by him. You shall have as much money as will pay your expenses. I know that you would spurn the offer of more. Much depends upon the movement now about to be made, and you can get the information we want and must have.'

"'General,' I said, 'you wish me to stay with you to-night; I'll do so, and let you know my answer in the morning.'

"I slept none that night, as the undertaking bristled with difficulties, danger, and possibly a felon's death. However, in the morning when the General came out he found me ahead of him. We had breakfast, and then I said: 'Make your arrangements, I will go and get you the information you wish.'

"He looked at me intently, and said, 'have you thought of wife and child?'

"'Yes, sir;' I said; 'I don't think any new phase of the matter can be presented to my mind.'

"I wrote my resignation and took it to Captain Magruder. It was dispatched to

General Jackson and duly accepted, and was read two days later to the command.

"I made myself a citizen, rode to New Market, and went on foot from thence to the Massanutton Mountain. Snow covered the ground eight inches deep. On reaching the mountain I took the road that followed the river at its base, and traveled on it all day, and stayed that night in a cabin about fifteen miles from New Market. Early next day I turned my back upon Strasburg and crossed over to the main ridge of the Blue Ridge, followed its base and the Shenandoah River to Castleman's Ferry, and stayed at night in a hut with a charcoal-getter; kept on next morning to 'The Rocks,' nine miles from Charlestown, in Jefferson County, Va. It was late in the day, and though I knew the country perfectly, as scouting parties were passing in sight most of the time, I stuck to the woods and ravines till within three miles of town; and as it was then dusk, and I heard a regiment of Federals going along in the main road to Charlestown, I let them pass and trudged along in the rear. They went on through and I hid myself in a hay stack until near midnight, and then entering the town, went to my own house, where, after hard work, I succeeded in getting the colored servant woman awake and duly impressed

with the importance of secrecy. She explained the situation to my wife, who was greatly excited and alarmed.

"I explained to the servant that I was there on business that would not only cause my arrest, but death, if my presence became known; that she must excuse me for not allowing her out of our presence while I was there; and that if I was caught her life would pay the penalty, as well as my own, as she alone could betray me. She swore not to speak to any one but my wife and myself while I was there, and while she faithfully observed the caution, I did very narrowly escape capture through a different source.

"My wife got a Mrs. Campbell to send my brother-in-law to me, he being a physician who was an old friend and school mate of the Surgeon-in-Chief of the Army at Harper's Ferry, and with whom he often dined, having a free pass into the lines. He undertook to go to Harper's Ferry, eight miles distant, and get me the full and exact information required. This he did, and while he was obtaining me these facts, the town in which I was concealed was thoroughly searched by a Federal regiment. I could see them hunting through the jail and other public buildings from my hiding place. They said they had just received information that Rebel spies

were in town. That night at ten o'clock I left on foot, with a new saddle on my back; walked to my father's house, then in the keeping of trusty negroes, who had my best horse fat and ready for me. Those negroes never left my father's service, but remained till his death, and then hung about the old neighborhood as long as they lived.

"I parted with those honest old servants with great regret at midnight. As I found scouts on all roads, I determined to cross the Shenandoah River if possible, in order to get out of the Valley, now like a nest of enraged hornets. And so, over fields and through woods I went for twenty miles to the River, and at the edge of a dense woods to the home of an old laborer who had worked many years for my father. I reached his house a little before light, aroused the old man and made myself known to him, and told him that I must cross. He said that it was, humanly speaking, impossible, as the river, full to the banks with drift logs and rails, was running so as to sink any boat or rider. He made me come in, called up his wife, who was both glad and scared, as the Federals were there every day. They had taken all the boats, or broken them up, except their little skiff, which was hid in a ditch in the woods.

"She got us a nice breakfast, when we all knelt down and the old man prayed for God's blessing and guidance, that he might know and be able to do his duty. He prayed for Generals Lee, Jackson, all the neighbors, and then for me. That was an earnest, heartfelt prayer. Then he arose, took my hand, and said, 'If you can risk your life for the cause every day and on such an errand, surely I can put the rest of my old life upon the altar of my country once. I will take you over if God wills.'

"We went up the ditch, in and out of the rank bushes, and he led me down to his little boat. We got in, I untied one side of the bridle, holding fast to the other, put the saddle into the boat, talked to my beautiful horse, who had more sense than most people; the boat was pushed out, the horse following, dodging the logs and drift as if he understood the importance of that crossing. With all the efforts that the old man and I could make, we were forced to go down over a half mile to effect a landing on the other side, which we did. Then we worked the boat up close to the shore. Then the old man started back. I watched him with intense interest until I saw him land safely on the other side and into the old lady's arms, as she had waited, watched, and, I am sure,

prayed till we were over the perils of that venture.

"I waived them a good-by, and have never seen them since, nor can I, until we all 'pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees.' I reached General Jones' camp the next morning at daylight and was warmly welcomed by all; was reelected to my old position and offered promotion. My report was wired to General Jackson, who threatened Harper's Ferry, while a demonstration was made by General Imboden, Capt. George Baylor, and Colonel Mosby upon Cumberland, Duffields, Martinsburg, and New Creek, in order to necessitate reinforcements to be sent along the line of the B. & O. R. R., and thus prevent the concentration towards Richmond."

"Well told," said Captain Magruder. "Now, I am willing to go wherever I ought to go, wearing my uniform, but would not go on duty within the enemy's lines in the dress of a citizen for anybody."

The Lieutenant held that when a man volunteered as a patriot he did so to perform whatever duty was asked of him by the officer in command, who was to be the judge of what the man should do in rendering service, even to the sacrifice of life, if for the good of the country the officer thought this nec-

essary; but he insisted that a mercenary or hired soldier, or one fighting for an alien cause, was not justified in acting the part of a spy, as he could only do this out of selfishness, and not as an offering made in behalf of his native land.

Captain Magruder thought the point well taken, and said, "Now the Doctor, being an Italian and not an American, would not be justified in rendering such service; even though he did so out of love of adventure or out of kindness to an officer."

The Doctor maintained that the distinction was too fine, and that soldiers of fortune should have as wide scope for their opportunities as any one else; and that the ties growing out of the adoption of a country were nearly as strong as those of one's native land, and that it all depended upon the constitution of the man to whom the chance came.

Lieutenant Marr, after some urging, consented to tell about Jerry, the Trumpeter, and his pet mule, but insisted that it be after Captain Magruder had told the story of General Lomax and the infantryman.

"One day," the Captain said, "General Lomax, a daring cavalry officer, who was more fond of dash than he was of dress, was riding along a road that ran through an in-

fantry encampment, and, as he passed, a big soldier climbed upon the rail fence, and noticing the General, who appeared to be a private soldier, thought he would have some fun at his expense, and began the song much in use in the army and varied to suit the circumstances. This time it was:

"'If you want to do hard fighting,
Join in the Infantry;
If you want to have a lousy time,
Join in the Cavalry!'

with the chorus:

"'O, the butter-milk rangers,
How they do get away from the Yankees!'

"This was too much for the General, who jumped off his horse, pulled the man off the fence and wiped the ground with him, while his companions stood by and saw that the horseman had fair play. When they found out who he was, they were full of apologies, which Lomax accepted.

Lomax was a fighter, and at Sharpsburg had his boots off when the bugle sounded 'Boots and saddles, the enemy approaching rapidly!' The General's boots were very tight and wet, in consequence of which he could not get them on. He struggled, with

the aid of his servant, but with no success. Finally, getting desperate, he mounted in his stockings and rode to the front, went into the battle, and personally captured a war correspondent of a leading New York paper, who said through his paper that even Confederate officers wore no boots, as he was captured by a bare-foot one."

"Now, Lieutenant let us have the story of 'Jerry and the Mule,'" said the Doctor.

"Now, Doctor," answered Marr, "considering how slow you are to tell us about that Richmond case of yours, or to show me that cave near here that you used to hide in when the Bluecoats came up to Woodstock, and which I believe you go to explore whenever you get a day off, you exact stories of us pretty freely. I am, willing to wait until the beauty surrenders, and expect you to go halves in the profits of that cave after this cruel war is over. But about 'Jerry and the Mule.'

"The day before the disastrous battle of Bristow Station, where Gen. A. P. Hill fell into a trap set for him by the Yanks and got badly used up, General Stuart sent General Lomax to hold a road about ten miles from Warrenton, while he would cross that road and try to delay the march of General Meade, whose troops were rapidly going through the

parallel road towards Bristow and Manassas. It seems that these two roads, though parallel at the point at which we intersected them, did really converge about two miles above that point and united again two miles lower down, leaving a piece of land about a half a mile wide and four miles long running to a point at each end between the two roads, shaped like a pair of tongs.

"General Stuart took about fifteen hundred cavalry and two batteries to delay or prevent the forces of General Meade from using the first road, and ordered General Lomax, with one thousand men, to hold it while he held the road farthest from Warrenton, both of which roads General Meade would want to retreat by. We skirmished for several hours, delaying the enemy as much as possible; but the pressure became too heavy, and night having come, General Stuart ordered the force to fall back towards Warrenton, but soon found that General Lomax had retired, leaving the road behind us open to General Meade, and that a Federal column was quietly bivouacked behind us in the road Lomax was left to guard.

"As the Federals were passing in a steady stream down the road Stuart had just left, he was thus enclosed on all sides, with only the space of a mile between the roads now

filled with twenty thousand infantry. There was but one thing to do, and this was to hide in the pine thicket that covered the little ground he had, and trust that the Federals did not know that he was there. Word was passed that no noise or fire was to be made, and the six guns and all the horses were bunched up in the dense part of the thicket. Pickets were placed all around the hidden bivouac; no one spoke above a whisper, and the horses seemed to think that they must be quiet too. One of the men said that he could hear the Federals pouring out oats for their horses. Surely hundreds of them could be seen and plainly heard around the fires they made of the fence rails, while we were in the dark pines. I was put with my squadron on picket; not to challenge any one, but whenever a bluecoat strayed too near our pickets we would just quietly take him prisoner and put him with our men in the midst of the thicket. We captured an aide of General Meade, who tried to pass across from one road to the parallel one. As he knew the situation, we took him up to General Stuart, who greeted him kindly, and when he asked General Stuart which was the prisoner, the General or himself, the General laughed.

L. of C.

"The aide said, 'General, if you will allow me to sup with you, I will have you to breakfast with me in the morning.'

"This was a serious, but very likely courtesy. That night General Stuart sent out five men, who volunteered to pass through the Federal camp and carry to General Lee this message: 'Send some of your people to help us before daylight, or I will be on my way to Washington under command of General Meade.'

"Lieutenant Bushrod Washington, J. D. Keerl, and James N. Gallaher, were three of the five messengers, and, singularly, all got through safely, but really too late to help us. As I was quietly stealing along from one of my pickets to another, I came upon Jerry, the bugler, sitting on a log, crying. Knowing him to be a fearless man in battle, I could not account for his tears, and said in a whisper, 'Jerry, what is the matter with you? We may get out, and if not, a soldier's fate awaits us.'

"'I know that, Lieutenant, and I don't care what they do with me; I don't fear to die or go to prison.'

"'Well then, Jerry, I asked, what is the matter?'

"Bursting out in a flood of tears, he said, 'Oh, if I could only take my dear mule by the

tail and sling it out of here, they might do what they d—n please with me!'

"As morning approached, we lost all hope of help from General Lee, as his troops were too far off to relieve us. So General Stuart had the six guns brought up to face the Federals that were in direct line between us and General Lee's troops. They were loaded with grape, canister, and short shells. The troops were to be all in the saddle, except my squadron, who were dismounted, with carbines, to fire upon the nearest line of infantry, and then, if possible, to mount and form the rear guard of the column in its bold dash for freedom. In fact, I saw that this meant that my squadron was to be sacrificed for the good of the rest. I then realized how Jerry felt, and determined to sling that squadron out of that fix. All was ready, and just as the darkness began to lighten, the column was brought up behind the guns and made ready to charge at the word of command. Soon we heard the drums of the Federals beat for roll call, while it was not yet light. We heard one order after another given, and then the teams were hitched up and their artillery ordered to move. It was found that owing to the softness of the 'black-jack' soil, their guns and wagons had sunk to

the axles, while where we were was hard sand.

"We heard the officers order the men to stack arms and help lift the guns and wagons out of the mire. They gathered thick by and crowded about the teams, straining, yelling, and cursing, when all at once our guns were turned loose, making havoc with the enemy, and of all the confusion worse confounded that ever was seen, that excelled! It was a perfect surprise. Men and teams scattered and ran over each other and in every direction. Just then the order to march was given, the bugles all sounded the charge. On went, in a mad gallop, fifteen hundred cavalry, who came out of the bushes as suddenly as if out of the sky. For a mile over the pretty plain could be seen men running in the greatest panic. Knowing that there was no more use for skirmishing, I had kept our led horses well closed up, and we fell in rear of our mad riders and came out about as well as the balance. Jerry and his mule got through, and he said that he would never risk it again, but send it home out of danger."

Captain Magruder then told about the scene at Orange Court-House, when General Jones took the Seventh and Twelfth down there from Gordonsville, having heard that the Bluecoats were moving that way. "I

found it true," he said, "for as the head of our column entered the town from the south, they came to the edge of the town on the north, and the two forces met in the streets, hand-to-hand fighting. The Confederates forced the Federals back, till all at once a panic was made in the rear of our columns, caused by the fact that the Federal commander had that morning expected that we would come down and engage his main column, and had sent a brigade to come into town behind us—which they did at a very inconvenient time for us. They scattered one-third of our men in the rear, while those in front did not know what was the matter in the rear, and drove their lines out of the town. Then if the Federals in our rear had but used their advantage, we would have been badly cut up; they got panic-stricken at some fancied danger, and bolted out through a cross street, and rode off as fast as possible.

"General Jones said afterwards, 'that half of his men charged and half discharged.'

"On the grounds about the residence of Colonel Willis, in the south side of the town, on a hill, many of our scattered men gathered. Seeing which, General Jones ordered me to take a squad and bring the men down into town and reorganize them. He ordered

the killing then and there of any man who failed to obey the order. As I approached the house about fifty men were standing in front of it. On the porch there stood a pretty and noble looking girl, Miss Willis, who was urging the men to go to their command and do their duty. As I came up, I heard her say, 'Oh, I wish I was a man!' when one old fellow, who had been down in the fire. said, 'Yes, Miss, and if you was, you would wish you was a gal again mouty soon!'

"This brought down the house, and I brought down the men."

Major Myers was urged to tell about the trick that he played on General Elliott, but insisted that Lieutenant Marr should tell it for him, as he could not do the subject justice.

Marr said:

"General Jones took his brigade down from Strasburg to Winchester to see where the Yanks were, and found General Elliott, with five thousand men, near Berryville, in Clarke County. We met their cavalry four miles out of Berryville and charged them, took them along pretty lively, until we pushed them into a grove near town, where we found ourselves looking into the grim mouths of six guns, shotted with grape and canister, and not more than two hundred and

fifty yards away from us. As they had a heavy infantry support, there was but one thing to do, and that was to get out as soon as possible. If their gunners had been cool and aimed low, this story would not have been told; but they let fly their charges and limbered to the rear. Their shot went over our heads, and the only men they hurt was by the falling of limbs upon us. We did not hang around there to see what they would do. They retreated towards Charlestown, and we fell back to Winchester.

"The next day Major Myers, with his brother, Capt. John Myers, and I, with twenty men, were sent down toward Berryville, while the rest of the brigade moved up towards Strasburg, eighteen miles south.

"We found the Federals early in the morning, about ten miles north of, and advancing upon, Winchester. We drove in their scouts and received the compliment of being shelled until we had sullenly fallen back to within five miles of Winchester, when, much to our surprise, a flag of truce was signaled. We, that is to say, Captain Myers and I, with a sergeant, went forward to receive the communication, which turned out to be a demand upon the general in command to surrender the town of Winchester. Our reply was that we must have an hour to forward the de-

mand to the general. This was accorded, and when the time was up Major Myers responded that it was then eleven o'clock A. M., and that the place would not be given up till 4 P. M., and the terms must be accepted or declined at once. They were accepted. Whereupon, leaving only a picket of three men, we went into Winchester, had a grand good-by dinner, finished it by three o'clock; our pickets came in, and by 4 P. M. we were two miles from town on our way to Strasburg, when General Elliott sent a colonel at the head of a squadron into town to notify us that the time was up. Major Myers left a note saying that he had enjoyed his dinner all the more because he had kept five thousand of the enemy waiting in the road for him to finish eating. As soon as we got there, General Rosser took us through the Allegany Mountains on a raid.

"We started during a very cold spell, with three days rations, which most of us ate before we started, and by night reached the mountains, with snow falling. We rested in the snow after a march of thirty miles, and waited for morning; when, cold and hungry, we took up our march over the white ridge. About four o'clock we came down into the Moorfield Valley, to see in front of us a Federal train, heavily guarded, on its way to

the town of Petersburg, W. Va., with supplies. We charged, and soon had that whole train, and pretty much of the whole guard in charge of it. We feasted on the good things, and after a forced march and great suffering, we retraced our way to Harrisonburg, with the hope that we would have a long rest. But this was not to be allowed us, as in a few days the Federal General, Milligan, who was in command of the Union troops at New Creek, and who had sent out the train we had just captured, sent a flag of truce to General Rosser, who had been an old schoolmate, saying that upon a certain day he would send another train over the same road 'that all hell couldn't take.' General Rosser sent back word that he could do what 'all hell' could not, and at once we began to get ready for that expected train. The weather became colder; the roads slippery, and for the most part, impassable; but that train must be captured. At the right time we started, and stayed in the snow one of the coldest nights ever known in those mountains. We dragged one little gun of Colonel Chew's old battery along with us by hand up the steep slopes of the mountains, and when we got to the top of the ridge we found that General Milligan had sent men up the western slope, literally dug up and destroyed the whole road

for nearly five miles from its crest to its base, and had felled all the trees along the road, so that it did seem impossible to get down into the valley on the west. We let the gun and a little ammunition down by ropes, scattered down the side of that cold mountain where there was no road, and got into the valley as best we could about three o'clock in the evening.

"We saw that the coveted train was approaching; eleven hundred and sixty-nine infantry and a squadron of cavalry composed the escort, while we did not have over six hundred horsemen, nearly one-third of whom were dismounted having failed to get their horses over, and many disabled from exposure in that intense cold. Only a few over half of our men got over the mountain in time to be of any use, but the rest were dismounted and moved up into the line of battle in front of that formed by the Federal infantry, only a narrow field lying between the two confronting forces, and that train parked in sight, one hundred and three wagons and three ambulances—the paymaster being along with nearly a quarter of a million dollars in one of the ambulances. The two lines of men stood there, both having orders not to fire. We were waiting for two things—one was a company of cavalry

sent to threaten their rear, the other to get our gun in position unseen.

"The bluecoats began to think that we were waiting for night, to steal off, for they called out to us to 'come and take the train.' They were behind a rail fence, in line, and made a fine show compared with our little force; yet there we stood for an hour or more. One big fellow, a sergeant, got over the fence on the side next to us, and called to us to come and get the train, and was cheered by his people. This encouraged him; he turned his back towards us, and showed us his seat of dishonor. For this he was cheered more lustily by his men. But just at this instant the joke was turned; the gun was ready, and out of a clump of bushes on a hill in the rear there came a flash, a roar, and the scream of a rifle shell which flew in a line with the position of that of the bold sergeant, and striking the fence where he had climbed over it, exploded and sent men and rails flying through the air, and spreading panic around. The teamsters cut loose their horses to escape upon them; the scattered men ran pell-mell to the rear, our cavalry charged, the flying men took to the bushes and hills. Of the bold sergeant we heard no more, as he retired in disorder. We got all of the wagons and two of the am-

bulances; the other was that of the paymaster, who, with his guard on fine horses, had evidently, like General Santa Anna 'started first,' for he could not be caught, though pursued five miles by two men, Captain Vandiver and myself.

"We got nearly all the horses that had not run away with their riders, and brought out supplies such as we could carry; but nearly all the wagons were burned, as the road could not be passed by wheeled vehicles. We tried it, but lost those we tried to bring out. That ended our hard march for a while."

Captain Magruder told of his first case while he was yet a student in the office of the physician with whom he had read medicine. He said that during the absence of the doctor, two women from the mountains came in, bringing with them a great, gawky, overgrown boy, as green as he was big, and he looked weak. Magruder, resolved to represent the doctor, asked what the disease was, looked at his tongue, felt his pulse and took his temperature. He then asked what they had been doing for him. They said that he was "liver grown," and they had been rubbing him with "goose grease." Seeing there was very little the matter with him, he told them to put red pepper in the goose grease and he would get well. They went, and to

his consternation returned two weeks later, when the doctor was in, met him and reported that the boy was well, much to Magruder's relief, for he feared the fellow was dead.

Dr. John D. Starry, our regimental surgeon, insisted that Lieutenant Marr tell the circle about the fire-eating gambler's experience at the first battle of Manassas.

"There was a man in my county before the war," said Lieutenant Marr, "who was a gambler by profession and a bully by nature. By the time he was twenty-five years old he had carved up two men over cards, with his bowie, and wounded one with a pistol, all for some fancied insult. He was considered to be a dangerous man, and was avoided by those who knew him and did not wish to die before their time.

"When the war broke out and we learned that he was made captain of a company of brave but rough men, we all felt sorry for the Yankees, and one said that Captain C—— would live on raw or roast Yankee. Another thought that the Federals would lay down their arms when they heard that news, and so end the war. Strange to say, they either did not know the facts, or failed to give them due weight. At the first battle of Manassas, the brigade, henceforth to be known as the 'Stonewall Brigade,' was put in position on

the edge of a pine thicket in front of General McDowell's whole army, and ordered not to fire, but to crouch down in the pines and take the consequences till further orders. Bullets were flying through the valley, cutting off leaves, twigs, and our men. I noticed the desperate Captain C——— in rear of his company, which was on the left of mine. Just then a shell about the size of a dinner pot fell near and behind us, plowing up a great trench and throwing a cart load of dirt into the air. I did not notice Captain C—— again, but learned that when that shell burst he threw down his sword and ran all the way to the 'junction,' five miles distant. General Jackson was induced not to court-martial him, but a child could tweak his nose without fear from that time."

Captain Magruder then told of the joke we had on the gallant Major, then Capt. Dan. Hatcher, of Company A, of the Seventh, the successor of Captain Sheets, who was killed at Buckton Station, and who had succeeded the lamented Captain, afterwards General, Turner Ashby.

"When, after the battle of Cedar Mountain," said Captain Magruder, "General Lee was preparing to advance upon General Meade, then at Culpeper Court-House, he gave orders that not a soul was to be allowed

to cross the river in his front, even with a written permit. This meant business of the gravest sort.

"Capt. Dan. Hatcher was called by one of his sergeants to see a lady who was at the river pleading to be allowed to cross. She said that the day before she had left at her home her five small children, two of whom were sick, had come over for her mother, who was too ill to go back with her, and that she ought to be permitted to go home to her little ones, as there was no grown person with them. She was a woman of fine, commanding appearance, was pretty, and being flushed by excitement as she pointed across the river, she made a case so strong that Captain Hatcher, who would not have minded a frowning battery, was quite captured by sympathy for the earnest and eloquent woman. When she knelt down before him in tears, he gave in, and let her cross the river. That night she was at General Meade's headquarters and his army was in full retreat.

"General Lee made a great effort to find out who had crossed, but no one would report the Captain, as it was too late then, as the mischief was done. Captain Hatcher said that thereafter the Archangel Gabriel should not pass his lines; that he would say, as Gen. Wm. E. Jones did to a lady who

knelt to him and said, 'I will die if you do not let me cross the river,' 'Madame, I am sorry, but *I can* have you buried, while I cannot let you cross my lines.' "

Lieutenant Marr, in speaking to the chaplain, Rev. Theo. Carson, said that some of the noblest and bravest men in the Southern army were men like Gen. Leonidas Polk and General Pendleton, who were educated for the ministry but who were fighting in the front. And he told of the last sermon preached by the Reverend Pugh, of Warrenton, before he left the pulpit for the artillery camp, where he made a splendid record.

"General Joe Johnston's army was on the retreat from Centerville to Gordonsville in 1862. Mr. Pugh gave his people to understand that he would not preach after that Sunday. He had a crowded house, and at the close of the sermon urged that every man should enlist in the service, using all the arguments possible, and wound up by saying, 'You may not be a strong man, you may be only half a man, but you will stop a bullet just as well as a better man. Now follow my my example and report for duty.' "

CHAPTER VII.

A BANQUET AND OTHER THINGS.

We all took special care to bestow as much attention on Contre as possible, as it was through his golden help alone that we could hope for a layout that was to be more than dreamed of in the Confederacy by soldiers. Our regimental surgeon, Starry, and Chaplain Carson, never took any fancy to Contre, indeed did not like him. But in an army, or even in a small command, as well as a large community, one finds uncongenial spirits, as well as those to whom your soul goes forth in kindly feeling.

Not long after getting into our quarters, he made another trip to Richmond, for the ostensible purpose of trying to expedite his discharge, so that he could go on duty, though we suspected that he had other reasons for spending his time there pretty fully. Of course one could not know, for whenever we said anything about his mysterious move-

ments he showed some of his Italian bad temper, while he was ever ready to enjoy fun at the expense of other people.

We knew that we would soon be sent over the Blue Ridge to operate there, and we determined to have a soldier banquet on rather a larger scale than we had before dared to attempt, as it was probably the last time we would ever be together, the outlook being for a hard and bloody campaign. Food was so scarce and our Confederate money so plentiful that the people who had good things would not sell them for Confederate money. So we just took Contre to one side and told him that he was the only man that could help us out of our dilemma. We knew he had gold and that he could get more, and we could not, and we assessed him one hundred and twenty-five dollars that were dollars sure enough! He seemed to wriggle at first, but after some persuasion he said that the banquet should be a success, and he counted us down fifteen ten-dollar gold pieces, with which to make merry, and we did so.

When we invited the Major, and told him that we had in gold the equivalent of ten thousand dollars of our money with which to buy the "eatingses," as he called them, he laughed all over, as was his habit when he enjoyed anything, and said that the General

ought to send a flag of truce, asking a suspension of hostilities until the feast was over. But if this was not possible, we might be moved from the front and another command put on duty.

We sent out our rangers and bought up all the turkeys, fat pigs, geese, ducks, chickens and vegetables. Had real coffee, white sugar, and tea, and for all those who liked them, home-made wines and cider *ad libitum*. We determined that it would not do to have such a feast in the midst of a lot of half-starved soldiers in camp, so in order to heighten our enjoyment, we bought and gave two beeves and some fat hogs to the men to make a feast for themselves at the same time. We secured an old school house a few miles in our rear, and then spread our feast, and it was a grand one indeed.

We had as honored guests Lieut. Col. Thos. Marshall, Adjutant McCarty, Chaplain Theodore Carson, who was not only a good preacher, but a whole-souled, good fellow; Doctor John D. Starry, of Charlestown, surgeon of the Seventh, Lieutenant Vandiver, Capt. John Myers, Lieut. Clarence Whiting, of Fauquier, gallant Dan. Hatcher, and Lieut. Orlando Smith, a Headly Vickers as a Christian soldier; and some of the men who were congenial spirits.

It was one peculiarity of the Confederate Army that in the ranks many privates were found who were men of wealth and had been accustomed to luxury—men of great intellectual attainments and men of refinement, and often greatly superior to their officers. The author knew many finely educated men who would gracefully perform the most menial duties out of patriotic motives, who had been waited upon all their lives. And well does he remember seeing a descendant of General Washington's brother, himself a large landed proprietor, on police duty, sweeping the manure dropped in the camp by the horses. It was this spirit, coupled with the encouragement of the noblest women that ever lived, that made the South conquerable only when completely bled to death. In the hospital in Staunton, Va., (the Blind Asylum used for that purpose), the writer has seen, while lying wounded there, the noble women of Staunton bring not only their luxuries, but take all their own linen clothes and scrape them up into lint for the wounds of the poor fellows who filled the place with over twelve hundred sufferers. The ladies from the Stuart, Orpie, Baldwin, Harmon, and other leading families vied with each other in doing good to their "wounded boys," as they called us all; while the good

women and girls of the lower valley saw to it that our wants were supplied by running the blockade to Baltimore, and bringing out, under their skirts, hats and other scarce things for the soldiers. But whenever the girls got their eyes on a man they thought ought to join the army, and who was backward in coming forward, they would send him a hoop-skirt and a night-cap, with a ruffle around it, and request him to "try that, and if it did not become him, then to put on a suit of gray." That brought him to camp without stopping to say good-by to his best girl.

CHAPTER VIII.

FUN, FIGHTING AND FACTS.

In Winchester the women were so glad to meet the returning Confederates that our men had to cease firing as we rode through the town in pursuit of General Banks' flying troops, for fear of killing the women who ran into the streets to kiss and load us with whatever might please in the way of their few remaining luxuries. The Brents, Rileys, Baldwins, Conrads, Hollidays, Williamses, Bartons, Carsons, and indeed the devoted ladies of the whole place, for their own safety laid aside their feminine fears and were ready to almost worship the wearers of the gray jackets, while instances of the bravery of other women were noted.

Mrs. Colonel Warren, sister of Captain Magruder, and whose husband and five brothers were killed, lived on a farm with her four small children, unprotected by any man. Being near Harrisonburg and near the great Valley Road, she was often threatened, and

entrance to her home attempted at night. She kept a loaded revolver, and would often fire upon any one who threatened trouble, and did wound one man, after which such visitors became more scarce.

Miss Beale, a sister of John Y. Beale, who was hanged as a spy, a schoolmate of the writer and one of the noblest spirits that God ever created, was called upon by a squad of Federal infantry with an order to search the house. She politely took them all through the house; they looked in trunks and closets, in beds, and even in band-boxes, and found that none but ladies were in the house. One lingered at the head of a long flight of stairs that led down into the inside entry, and as she was showing him out that way he insulted her. Her quick Southern blood boiled over; on the instant, his face being toward her, she bounded against him with all her might so suddenly that backwards he went down the steps, while she saved herself by holding on to the latch of the door. He was taken up seriously crippled and moved to the hospital, where he died. To his honor it can be said that when General Hancock heard of it and was urged to have her arrested he said, "No! I glory in the spirit of that girl, and will have any man shot who will offer such an indignity to any defenseless woman."

As Captain Magruder and Surgeon Contre were returning from Staunton to camp, they talked of the great change that war made in men, or rather the effect of developing the natural tendency to disregard the rights of others, and to steal when there was little value or use, if any, in the thing stolen. Marr illustrated by telling of a Union soldier who stole from a farm house in Orange County a guano sieve, or sifter, five feet long, two feet wide, and that weighed seventy-eight pounds, and which he put down after carrying it for half a mile. He also said that when the Confederates were passing through Chambersburg, Pa., and his regiment was halted in the road on the edge of the town, about 9 o'clock P. M., his attention was attracted by seeing a strange looking object on the other side of a board fence that enclosed a lot adjoining the road. It was a large white object and was moving slowly towards the spot where he was. While watching to see what strange creature this was, his horse made a slight jump to one side and became very restless. Nearby he heard the buzz of a bee, and called out "who goes there," in a suppressed stage whisper a man said, "It is me. I've got a bee gum under this sheet; there is one more if you want it."

"If there was anything I did not want just then," said Marr, "it was a bee-gum."

On another occasion, being gathered about our mess fire, Contre said, "As we have neither books, paper, nor lights, let us have some stories, Captain Magruder."

"All right, Doctor, but you must tell us your experiences; you make Marr and me furnish all the stock. Now I'll tell you about the charge led by Stonewall. It was about seven o'clock of the morning after our capture of Buckton Station and Port Republic, when we learned that General Banks was in full retreat from Strasburg to Winchester, that General Jackson put himself at the head of about two hundred of our brigade and went across to the high ridge that runs parallel to the great Valley Pike: from that ridge we could see the great bulk of General Banks' army, infantry, artillery, cavalry and supply trains, pouring like a torrent down that road, all trying to make the best possible time in the effort to reach Winchester without being cut off. General Jackson stopped on the top of the hill and beckoned General Ashby there, then pointed down the little narrow, rocky, red-clay road that, shut in by stonefences, led down to the main turnpike. A few words were exchanged by these gallant men, each doomed to die for the

cause so dear to him, and both to be shot by their own men. I noticed that General Jackson pulled his tight-fitting skull cap over his head and eyes, then without a word he stuck spurs to 'Old Sorrel,' and galloped down the rough, rocky way as though he was trying to break his neck.

"Neither Ashby nor Ashby's men were the kind to look on at such a charge, and down the hill they went pellmell, yelling as if crazy. Across the mouth of this lane, at its intersection with the main road, was posted the Twelfth Michigan Cavalry, a regiment the boast of their State, all mounted by the State on blooded horses; and three batteries, supported by two brigades of infantry were so located as to enfilade the lane; but all the troops in General Banks' army could not resist that charge. The crack Michigan regiment had over two hundred saddles emptied by that shock, the rest rode over and panicked the teamsters; most of the teams and artillery went towards Winchester, running over or through all troops in their way. About four thousand of General Banks' column, thus cut off from the main body, had to take to the mountains and strike across towards Cumberland. Many of them were so demoralized as never to be fit for service again.

"Now, Lieutenant Marr, you must tell us a story, for Contre either don't know any or is ashamed of such as he does know," said Captain Magruder.

"If I must, I think I will give you an account of a funny little incident that occurred at first Manassas," said Marr. "I was a private in that command when it was gathered at Harper's Ferry, where Major T. J. Jackson (afterwards known as 'Stonewall Jackson') was sent to take command and organize the forces. His brigade was formed then and he took command of it, having been superseded in command of the general force there by that able strategist, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. He marched us back and forth every day, and at least half of every night, of which we afterwards saw the benefit. Indeed a committee of prominent men from the lower valley went to Richmond and represented to President Davis that Jackson was unfit to command gentlemen, and was killing up their sons by hard and useless marching, and urged his removal and the substitution of a better man. Suddenly the call came for General J. E. Johnston to hasten to the help of General Beauregard, then in command at Manassas. Jackson's brigade having been well hardened by his hard drills and marches, took the lead, and was really the only part

of Johnston's army to get there in time to go into the battle as an organization, and but for its presence defeat would have been certain for the Confederates. I belonged to Company G, of the Second Virginia Infantry. There was a member of the same company, S——— by name; he was a Northern man, a regular 'down-easter.' He took no interest in the cause of the South, as he had never looked upon Virginia as his home. He was not spoiling for a fight; in fact, he was badly scared, as many a good fellow was that day. Our position was in the edge of a pine thicket, facing toward the Lewis and Henry houses, with a mass of 30,000 of General McDowell's army in our front. Our orders were not to fire, just to crouch down in the leaves and take the fire, as we only had 3,300 men. This we did for four hours, though we fully expected an order to advance or charge.

"S——— said, 'Now boys, I want you all to bear me witness and understand that when the order comes to advance I shall not be able to move, as I have sprained my ankle,' and then he groaned aloud that he should be disabled at such a time. A little later our artillery was so raked by the enemy's guns that it was removed nearly a quarter of a mile to the rear to a ridge. Then it became

necessary for us to be stationed farther back, as we were flanked. The order was given and it was explained that we would fall back through the thicket and form a new line in the rear. The pines prevented any retirement as an organization.

"When I got back to the new line I saw S———, and said, 'How did you get back here so soon, with your sprained ankle?'

"He said, 'O, I declare I forgot I had any ankle when I heard the order to fall back!'"

Captain Magruder said:

"That S———'s story reminds me of the old Dutch Union soldier we captured near Middletown. The company was composed largely of Dutchmen who had not been very many months in this country, and who spoke English very imperfectly. When asked to what part of the army he belonged, he said: 'I fights mit Seigel.'

"We found the old fellow pretty talkative, not in the least disturbed at having been captured. We got around him and induced him to tell us about his enlistment and experience in the Federal Army, and I will tell you it in his own language:

"'Vel, we comes by Nu Yorrick, and den the mans say dere so much as never vas mooney for to go to der war. Me and my prodder see by the offis as two mans vanted,

vat dey gall yubstitoots; dat ish to go right in hish place, and say he gib more as three hunder tollars. Dat vas so better as goot, an my prodder he say, "Hans, lets we drade wif dese fellers." Vell I say "Ya," and ve comes to a high blace, all govered mit vlags and dey beete the drum; ve shoost goes in mit de osifer; he made we bofe dake off our close and put on the soger close, and in tree days ve coom by de garrs to Vashington vere ve drill all the days; and den dey zend us to Cumberland, den day say Shacksen he gone, an dey put us on garrs and dravels us to Sharlton; dey zay, Shacksen he at Vinchester, and ven ve cooms to Vinchester, and ven ve git dere, some mans dey cooms runs in de gamp and zay, "Shacksen cooms, Schacksen he cooms," and den ve shoost hav to go all de vay pack, and den all you uns cooms and zay, "You shoost but down dem guns," and Shacksen he shoost got us all.' And the old fellow would 'Ya, ya' as if he thought himself fortunate to have been captured."

Marr then told of the trick some of the men of his company played upon him the night of the last day's battle at Gettysburg. He said:

"We had been fighting heavy odds all day; the part of the field where we fought was

called Fairfield, which was for the time about as inappropriate a name as could have been found. Our one brigade was pitted all day against three brigades of the Bluecoats, by the absence of General Stuart with the bulk of his cavalry and the horse artillery. We were overmatched, and were all glad when we found that the blue riders were content to rest and allow us to rest. Indeed that was all the night brought us, as our commissary department had lost itself as well as us. My horse having been shot in the charge made that evening, which gave me a pretty hard fall and left me sore as well as worn out, I lay down to enjoy a little exemption from the sadness and gloom which the heavy loss and fatal repulse our army had met with that day cast over us. Sorrow and fatigue soon did their work, and I slept the sleep of the worn-out man, when I was startled about two o'clock by being shaken and called loudly by Minnick and Moore, two men of my company, who explained that after we had lain down without food that they and others of the men could not sleep for hunger; that they got up and went three miles off to a house and bought sixteen ducks, two pieces of pork and enough bread and vegetables to feed our whole company. They had bought two large kettles and had supper and

hot duck soup ready, and I must go with them. I went, and no more hungry or appreciative set of men ever feasted on a more hearty supper of duck soup. Indeed, I might say breakfast too, for we had just eaten when a little after four o'clock we received orders to mount quietly and march to a point where the Federal cavalry were trying to cut off our retreating train.

"That day Captain Brown, of the Sixth Virginia, on his way to rejoin his command, had come up and proposed that we should ride to the top of a high hill from which we could see the infantry battle then raging between the Blue and the Gray. I declined to go, as we were only having a little lull in our own fight, and I thought the right place for a soldier was in his own command.

"The Captain did not relish my refusal to go half a mile off to see a fight when we saw one nearly every day. I went over to my station, and soon we were hotly engaged for some hours. After which some one spoke of 'poor Captain Brown.' I asked why they said '*poor* Captain Brown,' and learned that when he left me he rode to the top of the hill, to which he had invited me to accompany him, and that just as he reached that point, a round shot took his head clear off.

"The next day I overheard one of our men tell another how they had gotten the ducks for supper; that they must not let me know it, but they had tried to buy them in vain, and only then had they taken their sabres and decapitated them and 'impressed them into the service.' The other food materials used in the supper were 'impressed into the service' also. As I had prevented the seizure of supplies, in accordance with General Lee's orders, the men got the food they must have by strategy. I often heard men talk after that about what good soup Pennsylvania ducks made, if the ducks were only taken as a military necessity."

News began to pass from one to another that an order had come calling us over to Gordonsville, south of which a part of General R. E. Lee's army was encamped. And sure enough, at dress parade the order was read, the useless feature of which was "that we were to cook three days' rations," while we only had issued to us enough wormy hard-tack to last us one day. This needed no cooking, unless it was to make the worms more digestible. The next day we crossed the mountains, and two days later moved down to Orange Court-House. Captain Magruder and Lieutenant Marr were sent with a squadron to guard a ford on the Madi-

son River, which the Yankees seemed to have a hankering after. They were keeping a sharp watch and a double guard upon it, when one clear morning, just at sunrise they heard the firing of their pickets, and hurried with the squadron to reinforce them.

They made it as hot as possible for them; but to prevent their passage was impossible, as the Federals had three brigades of cavalry and one of infantry, and were coming to see them anyhow. They fell back, skirmishing as best they could with them as they came, until they got to a very thick pine woods, heavy with undergrowth, into which they rode to let the enemy pass. After he had gone by, Captain Magruder went out to the road in their rear, picked up and made prisoner an aide of the general in command of the expedition, and brought him, greatly to his surprise, into the bushes. Lieutenant Marr says: "I then went to see whether they were heading towards Orange Court-House or not, and had moved cautiously up the road to get a clearer view of their route, when suddenly a squadron of their cavalry that had been concealed in the woods came rushing towards me. I turned about and made for the spot where I had left Captain Magruder with our squadron, and was within half a mile of their position when I heard quick,

sharp firing, just where I had left them. I turned off slightly, came within sight of the spot, and could hear the firing of the pursuers of my squadron, and what was of more imminent personal concern, saw that the squadron in pursuit of me were not disposed to slacken their pace. It looked very blue for me. A hundred mounted riflemen in pursuit and four brigades of the enemy scattered in front of me. My hope lay in not being hit, so, deflecting towards the town, now about twelve miles distant, I rode through the thicket and bushes as much as possible, so as to shake them off, as they seemed more than ordinarily bent upon my capture.

"Having been a prisoner once, I determined to make my escape. I rode one of the fleetest horses in the brigade, celebrated for its fine stock. I soon came to some old fields that had been fenced once, but were now grown up with scrub pine, tall enough to hide a man on horseback. Through these and over fence after fence I went, and yet could see my foes, who kept a constant fire at me. I saw ahead of me from a hill a mill-pond spread out in the little valley below, and that the road made a long course to the northward to cross above the pond, so, bending my way to the south, I made for the center of the pond after jumping the highest

and strongest fence I had encountered in the ride down the steep hill. Through the bushes I went, and plunged into the pond, which was deep even at the shore, and over horse deep towards its center. The strong fence on the hill had, as I hoped, balked the enemy for a little time, though they kept up their firing. I had gained a little by the fence, but lost time in the deep water; but through I went, the noble horse seeming to know that he was going for life. I gained the far side and plunged into the thick forest that came down to the water's edge, and then I could see that my followers were at last convinced that they had better give up the chase.

"I came to a house half an hour after hearing the bugle call the Bluecoats that had followed me off the chase; there fed my horse, and then, guided by the sound of hot firing, rode on to where the fight seemed to be most earnest, and came up to my own brigade, hard at it with a force that had crossed in the morning in their front; and not long after I rejoined my command."

About this time a courier rode up to General Stuart and told him that three other brigades of the enemy, that had crossed at the ford five miles further north, were then coming up squarely in his rear and had al-

ready engaged some of his men. This meant that we were enclosed by two greatly superior forces converging upon us. General Stuart placed the guns of Chew's battery in the road, so that two pointed to the north and two south, and in this queer position they were served just as fast as they could be handled, but even this did not drive back either of their lines. Stuart determined to break through the line that lay between him and the Court-House, and which had made itself secure by a heavy breast-work of fence rails; as to fight two lines of battle not over half a mile apart, and he between them, could not be done, so he ordered Captain Magruder to get together as many men as he could and make a desperate charge upon the line that had cut us off, and if that failed he would be cut to pieces.

Already our troops were much disorganized, as they saw the situation and knew that we were beaten. Captain Magruder, with Lieutenant Marr, called out to the men to follow, and side by side they headed for the enemy's breastworks right through the thin pine woods; hurled their force upon the hostile line, which, with one terrific volley, emptied many of our saddles and then they broke; we sabred them as they fled to their ap-

proaching forces, which enabled us to get our out guns, and made them draw off.

The victory at the battle of Jack's Shop was ours. General Lee then formed a division of his troops and escorted the enemy back over the river whence he came. True, that victory was dearly bought by us! Lieutenant Marr had lost his dearest friend, Captain Magruder, who was killed at his side, with three minnie bullets in his chest in a triangle that could be covered with the palm of the hand. He must have been dead before he fell, as not less than two balls had pierced his heart. Strong men wept like children as he was brought out and carried to the house of his father, his childhood's home, which was in sight of the spot where he fell.

Marr mourned the loss of a friend with whom he had lived in such close relationship, and could say that notwithstanding all the trials of temper peculiar to war and its privations, not an unkind word or thought had ever disturbed the love and confidence that he and Magruder had for each other. He was detailed to take the body to his heroic old father, and assist in the last rites that we sadly observe as all we can do for our loved and lost ones. He took the effects of his dead friend, except his Bible, which he

found had been presented by Miss Nora Bankhead to the Captain. This he sent by a courier to her, with a message of the death of her and his own loved friend, only to receive back the Bible with the request that he would accept it not only from her, but as from them both. Of course it was precious to him and was laid up as a valued treasure.

Not long after this battle, the Federal force was thrown forward across the Rappahannock River, and General Stuart engaged him near Brandy Station, on the John Minor Botts farm, a splendid, gently sloping plain, just a charming place for a battle.

The Federals were in great force. General Meade's whole cavalry and a division of infantry being engaged, while Stuart had no infantry and only half as much cavalry as he had to meet. The forces became greatly scattered in the fight, and different commands badly mixed up. The Federals broke through one part of our line and drove off one of Stuart's regiments, following them nearly a mile to the rear. The gap was not closed, as Confederates did not rely much upon organization, but fighting went on all around, each one pitching in where he could see a foe to strike.

Captain Marr saw a bluecoated cavalryman driving a Confederate afoot before him, a

prisoner, and made for him. Coming upon him he reversed the order, made the Federal dismount and trot back, while the Confederate did the driving with the other fellow's horse and gun. This he evidently enjoyed none the less because the tables had been turned so unexpectedly.

Captain Marr then heard a loud call, and, looking around, saw General Stuart in the main road facing up our rear, having his sabre drawn, the cause of which Marr soon saw to be the approach of nine Federal cavalrymen, who had gone clear through our lines, and were now trying to get back to their own side, when they found General Stuart in their pathway, with a look of such determination and defiance as plainly showed that *all* of them would not be allowed to pass. In a moment Marr was at his side, and seeing this, all nine of them threw up their hands and surrendered. General Stuart said, "Old fellow, if you had not come in time I would have had trouble with these lusty fellows. Please take them back and turn them over to the first laggard you find; there is a lot of them who ought to be here. Bring up as many as you can, as we have got to ferry these Yanks over the river in time for supper."

As the summer of this year wore along, the cavalry were kept busy marching, fighting, and guarding the movements of the infantry. On one occasion, former Lieutenant, now Captain, Marr, was ordered to take his squadron and march to the old Chancellorsville House, scout over that section and picket Ely's and the United States Fords in the rear of the Chancellorsville field.

In telling about the movement, he says:

"I started, marched all day, and entered the dense and gloomy wilderness after dark, with a heavy black storm coming up rapidly, which soon made it so dark that further progress was impossible, and as the horses were falling down every few minutes, or getting into holes, I determined to dismount, make the horses fast to the trees, wait for the storm to abate and the moon to rise, which would be at one or two o'clock in the morning. Fire was out of the question, as heavy rains had soaked all the wood that might otherwise have been dry; that is, if anything ever gets dry in that swamp, which is at its best one of the most dismal places on earth. So, tired out, we lay down to get such rest as only a weary soldier can. I noticed the strange behavior of our horses, which seemed to be scared at something, and would snort and try to break loose. Late in the

night the storm broke away, the rain ceased and the moon came out. I had not slept, being wet thoroughly, but, on turning over, a bright ray of moonlight fell full on the face of a bleached skeleton right before me. I arose to find that we had bivouacked where the spot was full of half-dug graves and half-buried bodies, and that our horses, on stepping into these holes and even getting their feet entangled among the bones, had not relished the place that had been made their camp."

The summer had now been spent in the swaying back and forth of the army, which, like a great pendulum, had at one time been into the heart of Virginia, and at another time in Pennsylvania; had been marched and counter-marched, leaving a broad trail of blood and ruin in its wake, and was now hoping for a winter's rest.

General Ashby had been killed at Port Republic; General Jackson had fallen at Chancellorsville. Hard times were settling down upon the Southland, and wise men began to realize that the South was being worn to a frazzle; death in every command was getting to be of daily occurrence, as no day passed without a cavalry skirmish, and often heavy fighting. Major Myers was put in command of the skirmishers of the Laurel Brigade, and

his affection for Captain Marr was so strong that he must always have him with his company, as, the Major said, "they were such good marksmen." They were all men who had been raised in the mountains of Rockingham and Shenandoah Counties. Not one of them would shoot a squirrel or plover except through its head, and *that* they would never miss. They were all armed with rifles and always shot to hit, and were splendid soldiers.

Often Captain Marr would gladly have preferred some other expression of the Major's regard, but it was only for him to accept the honor as it was intended, and go whenever the Major could get up an excuse for a skirmish. Indeed, the boys said that he could not sleep without a full meal or a fight, and as it was easier to get the fight, it followed that he kept them at it nearly all the time. One morning Captain Marr was ordered to take twenty picked men and go to the river and engage the enemy until the regiment could come up; but was told that an engagement of general character was to be avoided if possible, therefore the regiment would be held back. Upon reaching a point near the river, he found that the Federals were on his side of the stream, a brigade or more strong, and that a squadron

were advancing towards him with their line of sharpshooters in front. He said that when the detail of two men from each of the ten companies called for had presented themselves and were undergoing inspection hastily, he came to one man named Giles, of Company C, who said to him as he handed the officer his rifle, "Captain, please don't take me." He knew the man personally, knew that he was brave, and struck by the mournfulness in his tone, he at once called for another man. When he was furnished, he went forward, and the skirmish lasted nearly all day. Several of his men were wounded, but none killed, and when he returned to the regiment on the other side of the high hill behind which the troops were collected and came to the command, he found a detail burying a man. He asked who it was, and learned that it was the body of Giles, of Company C, who had been excused by him in the morning, and that he had said he had a premonition that he would be killed that day, and had asked to be let off, and while lying on his side, with his back towards the direction of the skirmishers, and while in the act of telling his messmates of it, a bullet had struck the back of his head and knocked his brains into the faces of the men with whom he was talking. The supposition was that a

ball from one of the long-range guns fired at Captain Marr's party had struck high; struck the under side of a limb of a great oak tree on the hill and then deflected down in the direction of the men, and so fulfilled his premonition.

Strange incidents are numerous to the careful observer at all times, and especially in times of war. Captain Marr says that he has seen men die from a mere scratch. One of his men, Isaac Acker by name, up to the third year of the war had not been in a battle, and he believed that if ever he went into one he would surely be killed. Captain Marr thought that the time had come, owing to the loss of men, when Acker should take his part in the fighting, so he made him ride by his side at the battle of Cedar Mountain, and when the command to charge was given, he pricked the mettled horse of Acker with his sabre and ordered the man forward at his side. They went in together, but poor Acker was killed by the first volley, and the Captain regretted that he had not exempted the poor fellow from that charge, though it was his duty to see that all his men did their best. He always thought this man a moral coward. The same man had a brother, a large, fine and brave soldier, who in charges would ride up to the front man of the enemy

and plunge his sabre through him, evidently not knowing what fear meant; and yet any one could take a dead snake, a toad, or a cat and chase him out of the camp; and if he were pursued too close, he would go into convulsions; so we had to stop the fun the boys had at his expense by giving notice, with the consent of the general commanding, that he would kill on the spot any that would try to frighten him.

In one of the skirmishes at Brandy Station, Captain Marr charged a squadron of the Federals, drove them back upon their line of battle where the Eighth Illinois Cavalry was posted, and tried to capture a man who had been unhorsed. He had the man in a trot to bring him out, when a trooper fired at him; he felt a sharp pain and a blow in his side. He started out through the pines at a gallop, but as he went he noticed a Federal soldier riding alongside of him, keeping up with him, but not paying any attention to him. As Captain Marr felt sick from the shot in his side, he had as much as he could do to avoid being dashed against the trees as he rode through the timber; but when he got to his men and reined up his horse, the Federal trooper's horse also stopped. Men secured his rein and then saw that the man was dead and had strapped himself to the

saddle before he was killed. His horse had gone along with that of Captain Marr of its own volition. Captain Marr looked like a dead man when the surgeon came and found that the bullet of the Eighth Illinois trooper had struck him on the plate of his sabre belt —which was a very thick and pretty one, captured at Manassas, and had belonged to a Federal general. The ball had gone partially through the plate and stuck fast in it, so that it could not be moved either way; the wound from the blow was an ugly one.

One day near Culpeper Court-House, while Colonel Dulany, Colonel Marshall, Major Myers, and several other officers were observing the movements of the enemy, a shot was fired at them by a sharpshooter fully a mile off. The ball struck Captain Kuykendal, of the Seventh Virginia Cavalry, on his sabre plate with a thud that could be heard many feet away. It doubled the Captain up into such a knot that he had to be carried off the field; it indented, but did not penetrate the plate.

The summer of '63 had passed, and the Laurel Brigade was ordered to Falling Spring, in Rockbridge County, Virginia, to recruit and fill up its ranks for the spring campaign, and went into real winter quarters during the last days of January.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CLOSING OF CONTRE'S CAREER.

About the 10th of February, Doctor Contre came to our Rockbridge County Camp, saying that as he had a little time on his hands he had come to stay with his old friends for a week, and asked Marr to let him share his tent and bed for that time, which was readily agreed to.

That night Marr overheard Contre talking in his sleep. Twice he said "fifty thousand in gold," and then he said "the Cave," then "Port Republic," then "Annie." Marr shook him, and was about to go to sleep, when he heard Contre repeat the words "fifty thousand in gold," "Annie." The next morning Marr, who had been sleeplessly thinking over Contre's sleep talk and its possible meaning, and who had not slept himself, thought that he had made a discovery, and said in a rather abrupt manner to the Doctor, "We are alone, and you ought to tell me of your dream of last night, for you

talked in your sleep." The Doctor became greatly confused, and Marr thought rather mad; he was very particular to find out what he had said; begged Marr to tell him all that he had said. Marr said: "You talked pretty freely about Annie, and as you have never mentioned her name to me while awake, of course I got into the secret." He was very importunate to learn whether he had spoken about anything else. Not discovering that he had, he said, "I will tell you all about the girl, but not now." That day when our mail came in from Richmond Contre went to Marr and said: "I cannot spend longer time with you now. Must go to Richmond at once," and he left. Suspicion of Contre had taken deep hold upon Marr, and as part of the sleep talk had good foundation, he felt that there was a "nigger in the wood pile."

The next day Col. Thos. Marshall secured him a furlough of a week and a pass to Richmond.

On arrival, said Marr: "I went to Col. A. R. Boteler, formerly of Stonewall Jackson's staff, and said, 'Colonel, I want to see President Davis, and just as soon as possible.' He replied, 'It is a pretty hard thing to ask. Mr. Davis works day and night, and can be seen only when the public interest requires it.' I said, 'Colonel, I *must* see him, and you

can say that the public good alone is my motive.' In an hour he came to me at the Spottswood Hotel and said, 'Come with me, but this is not for any personal privilege to be asked.' We were ushered into a waiting-room, and in a little while I was called for and introduced to President Davis. Colonel Boteler left, as did the only attendant of the President. I said, 'Mr. President, there is a young Confederate surgeon by the name of Contre. If you will allow me, I think I can convince you that he is a Federal spy, of no ordinary ability. I have no absolute proof, but such a chain of circumstantial evidence that his mission can be clearly shown up.' Mr. Davis heard me through, my statement closing with the talk overheard in sleep. He studied for a while, then handed me two cards, saying: 'Take this one to the Secretary of War, he will see you; tell him just what you have said to me. The other card will admit you to my residence at eleven o'clock to-night. Say nothing to any one else upon this matter.'

"I went to the office of the War Secretary, James A. Sedden, who received me promptly, listened carefully, and then said: 'Doctor Contre is known to many of the officials of the Government, and I caution you to be careful in your statements.' That night I went

to the President's mansion; found there besides Mr. Davis, the Secretary of War; Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Mallory, and a man dressed in plain clothes, whose name was not mentioned during the long interview. After I had made my statement in full, with the criminating circumstances, Mr. Davis turned to the Secretary of the Navy and said, 'Mallory, I believe you have stood sponsor for Contre, what do you think of Captain Marr's story?' 'Mr. President,' said Mr. Mallory, 'Contre has secured me direct and correct information of the plans and movements of the enemy, and at the risk of his life, and now, while I think that Captain Marr has certainly told us remarkable things, we cannot act hastily with one who has so much in his favor. I suggest that we have Contre closely watched, and if there is anything wrong with him we will soon know it. He is to be married to a Richmond girl soon.'

"All arose as if to leave, when I said, 'Mr. President, may I say one thing more?' 'Yes,' he said. I then said, 'Mr. President, Contre ran no risk in getting such information as he has brought to you. He did take out facts of great importance to the enemy, and was stuffed with just such information as could be provided against by subsequent changes. And as for watching him, he is

more than a match for all the detective force of the Government.' At this all looked towards the man present in business suit. He looked red, and rather confused. Mr. Davis bowed to me, whereupon I left, but could not fail to notice that they all looked puzzled as Mr. Davis said, 'Wait and see.'

"After leaving the President and nearing my hotel, I heard my name called, and looking up, saw Doctor Contre, who was greatly surprised at seeing me, and manifested a great desire to know what brought me to Richmond. I declined to tell him then, as I wished to pump him fully. Just said that I was in a hurry to see a friend I had not seen for a long time. He said, 'I am very busy myself, and will be to-morrow, but want you to take supper with me to-morrow night at 11 o'clock,' and handed me a card with the name and number of house of Elizabeth L. Van Lew, south side of Grace Street, saying that he had his room and supplies there, and that he wanted to introduce me to a dear friend of his.

"I accepted his invitation, but knowing how smart he was, and that he already knew, or soon would know, that I had tried to effect his arrest, I made up my mind to watch him and never for a moment allow him the drop on me. I looked up the location of

Miss Van Lew's house, and found that it was a good mile from the Spottswood; occupied a whole square and was dark and dreary looking. I had met my old friend and soldier of the Stonewall Brigade, Capt. George W. Baylor, in Richmond, and asked him to go with me and see what those fellows were up to, telling him enough to put him on guard. He was the very man to be equal to any emergency, and it was fortunate for me that I could have him with me. I posted him to sit on the opposite side of the table if possible from me, and to watch any one passing behind me, and told him that I would do the same for him. Advised him to take his pistol along.

"At the time appointed, we went; found it to be a long, dark walk, and very lonely about the house. On our arrival the Doctor came to the door, and was much surprised at finding another person with me. I told him that I wanted to be with Baylor as much as possible, and had taken the liberty to bring him along, and introduced him as one of the coolest and bravest men of our army. The Doctor said, 'I hardly knew you in that fine uniform, never having seen you wear it.' I said 'No, I bought it two years ago, but with the life I lead a decent dress is out of the question.' 'And what a beautiful pistol you

have here.' 'Yes, I received that as a present from a captured Federal officer, and as for Captain Baylor, he would take cold without his pistol, he carries it so constantly.'

"He escorted us into another room, containing a full-spread table of such luxuries as I saw but seldom. There we met a long-haired, very dark-visaged man, who, though good looking, yet had a sinister expression that was very noticeable. As the Doctor introduced him he handed me his card, saying that as his name was unusual he would leave me his card. The name read 'C. Orizie Lugo de Anby, of New York.' After we were seated and had eaten for a little while, another dark-looking foreigner entered, who did not take a seat at the table, but after being introduced he spoke a few words in Italian, and then left us. His name seemed to be Prussian; neither of us could recall it. He was a very large and ugly-looking man, and while the Doctor said he was a grand man, he was not attractive to me, and in the absence of Baylor I should not have wished to be there.

"The Doctor observed that my coming to Richmond must have been unexpected, as I had not told him of my coming when he left me in camp, and that a friend of his saw me at the War Department; so I disarmed his suspicion by saying that seven months pre-

vious, after a competitive examination of officers in my brigade, I had been recommended for promotion, to be jumped over the heads of the 1st and 2d lieutenants in my company; that the paper had passed along to the War Department, and there seemed to have been lost. My old friend, Colonel John Blair Hoge, had found the paper, and I went to the Department in connection with this matter. This seemed to lull his suspicions as to my visit to Richmond.

"I changed the subject, and suddenly asked the Doctor as to the best way to get gold through the lines, as he seemed never to have had any scarcity of that kind of currency. He was evidently confused for a moment, and said that the Italian Embassy had an arrangement by which he could get coin remittances. I then said, 'Doctor, where is that cave you frequented so much; was it near Port Republic?' He was ill at ease under my questioning, and for the first time since we first met could not readily answer a question. He reddened up, and finally said that it was not near Port Republic, but on the western side of the Valley. The way he said it convinced us both that he had lied, and when we arose to go he did not gush over us, but he asked me if I could not ride out about five miles from the city the next night

to see a friend of his; that Miss Annie would be there, and he would have a carriage nearby about nine o'clock. I declined this invitation, as I thought I saw through his design.

The next morning, as I stood waiting for the little wood-burning engine to back up to the train of two shabby looking cars, as the first step of my return, a young man came to me and said: 'President Davis sent me to say that you should come to his office exactly at 11 o'clock this morning. You saw me when you came with Colonel Boteler.' I returned to the hotel, left my small package, and at the time appointed presented myself and was at once admitted. The young man showed me in and retired.

"Mr. Davis said: 'Captain, I have thought much of your story and of your suspicions of Doctor Contre. I want you to speak with perfect freedom and tell me what plan you suggest. Don't hesitate.'

"'Mr. President,' I said, 'my plan is to have authority to bring a detail of ten men of my company to Richmond, and inside of forty-eight hours have in hand-cuffs the most accomplished spy ever on the American continent, with his whole outfit; with the conviction that if this is not done speedily some of us will wear handcuffs when he succeeds in betraying us all.'

"Mr. Davis answered: 'Remember that you have no proof; that this man has not only the friendship of men in the cabinet, but credentials of his entire reliability from some of the best friends we have beyond the lines, and that he has even rendered valuable information to our secret service. Suppose you were authorized to bring your detail here and secure some proof of your suspicions. Could that be done?'

"I said, 'Mr. President, the time for watching that man has gone by; he has been in successful communication with the Federal War Department three years, and he has succeeded in getting his plans so well laid, his organized force to work so actively and effectually, that your call for me to go to Mr. Sedden's office, and your summons to me to come here, are known to him.'

"The President continued silent so long that I felt not a little embarrassed, and said, 'Do you wish me to go, sir?' He said, 'Not yet,' and was silent, and evidently troubled. He then said, 'you would not wish to come here and watch for proofs of this man.' I answered, 'I will obey your orders, of course, but it will only result in Contre leaving or killing himself, for he will never be arrested in any ordinary way. Mr. President, if my

plan is not authorized, just order me to my command.'

"After another period of silence, he said: 'The Cabinet meets at one o'clock, and if you receive no orders by seven o'clock to-morrow morning, just return to your command. If your plan is authorized and you succeed, I will promote you to the rank of colonel.'

"I thanked him, but said, 'I do not want promotion, I would rather break up that nest than to be made a general. Contre will never be arrested.'

"The President had a dreamy look as I left, impressed with the conviction that trials were wearing him away, and that his old-time fire had faded under incessant care. Little did I think that the next time I saw him he would be wearing handcuffs in Fortress Monroe, and like his great General, Robert E. Lee, mourn in silence the Lost Cause.

"I spent the day quietly at my hotel, but went out that night to the only eating-house in Richmond for a good supper, if Confederate money would buy one. It was about ten o'clock; I was ushered into a small room, divided from the adjoining one by a partly-closed sliding door, and a curtain heavy enough to prevent any one from seeing from one side into the other. I had been there about half an hour, when a gentleman and

lady were ushered into the one next mine. I was eating quietly, and could not help hearing much that they said. I knew the man's voice as soon as I heard it. It was that of Contre. Among much that I heard was an inquiry as to how he could leave the Confederacy, and whether he was certain they could get through the lines. His response was the important part. It was, 'we can go through to New York just when I choose; my work will be done here, and the Confederate Government can have a lock of my hair to keep. The end is getting pretty close, and with you and a fortune, Italy will suit us.' Just then the waiter came in to see if I wanted anything, and until I left they only spoke in low whispers.

"I slept none that night, knowing that Contre would succeed in his schemes up to the end of the Confederacy, which he was surely helping to bring about."

During the latter part of March, 1864, the following item appeared in the *Richmond Inquirer*, which was not startling to Captain Marr, but to all the other living members of the little coterie who had known Contre so well in camp. It read as follows:

"March 17th, 1864. License was issued to Lewis G. Contre, aged 26, Captain C. S. A., born Venice, Italy, residing in Shenandoah

County, Virginia, son of Eduardo and Elnora Contre; to marry Virginia M. Sanders, daughter of George M. and Annie J. Sanders, aged 23, born in Grafshill, Kentucky, residing in Richmond. Marriage performed March 17, 1864, by J. M. McGill, Catholic Bishop of Richmond."

Not many days after this, the Doctor and his accomplished bride reached Lexington. They were called upon by General Rosser and many other officers; Captain Marr being absent on a scout, did not see them. After their departure from Richmond, the command awaited orders to the front. Contre made flying trips, as he sometimes did, to the neighborhoods of Woodstock and Port Republic, the nature of which no one knew or thought of inquiring about, as his wife was from the County of Shenandoah. None of those in the field or in the hospital ever knew why he traveled about so much between Richmond and the Valley. All of this deepened Marr's conviction that he was a smart rascal.

There began to be in Richmond rather ominous inquiry as to what he was doing there. He was seen but little on the streets, and as gaiety in Richmond, by common consent, was deemed out of place, the times being so hard, very few parties or balls were given or attended by society people. The

purchasing power of Confederate money was so small, the necessities of life in the market selling at prices beyond any heretofore known or heard of, the people all stinted themselves to the utmost degree, which fact made social gatherings impossible. Indeed, the author remembers hearing during the fall of '64 one of the most prominent lawyers in Virginia, whom he met in Richmond, a man who had been raised and lived in luxury all his life prior to the war, say that he had just passed by a show window, in which there were exposed for sale a few luscious looking apples; as they were marked $10 apiece, of course he did not buy them, but he had whined for them like an old dog would for a bone.

Another light was a little later on thrown upon the pathway of Dr. Contre, not only as to the then present, but, retrospectively, as to the few years just then passed. That light came from the following startling news from the *Richmond Inquirer* and other papers:

Richmond Inquirer, April 19th, 1864.

"Arrest of an alleged spy; important papers found upon him."

"A dashing young fellow, calling himself Dr. Lugo, who has recently cut quite a figure in fashionable and official circles in this city, was arrested on Saturday morning last, in

Tappahannock, Essex County, while en route to the North, with lots of plans and drawings of bright particular spots in the Confederacy, and doubtless a memory well stuffed with the latest 'semi-official' information relating to the movements of the Confederate troops. The arrest was made by detective John Reece, who, with others of the Confederate Police Department, had for some time past been in close and anxious pursuit of him. He had successfully evaded the maneuvers and combinations of the whole department, begun about three weeks ago, when suspicion first fell upon him, and the department very naturally felt pretty sore about it. On Friday night last, about ten o'clock, Detective Reece set out on horseback for Essex County, fell in with a member of the Maryland Line, who volunteered for a 'little scout,' and took him along to Tappahannock. Here they encountered on the following morning the identical Dr. Lugo, on his way to the ferry, and although the officer had never seen him before in his life, he relied on his 'points,' and took him prisoner. Dr. Lugo attempted to get away, and played very indignant, but the cool assurance on the part of Reece and his friend that he would get shot certain if he did not submit, soon settled him, and he accompanied them back

to Sandy's Hotel, the Exchange of Tappahannock. He was then taken to a private room, where he was quietly informed that it was 'the fate of war' that he should be stripped; and stripped he was, in spite of his protests and the most magnificent indignation. In the midst of this display he alluded to his high and well-known character in the City of Richmond, acquaintance with the President, Secretary of War, Secretary of the Navy, and sundry other dignitaries he had visited while here.

"In his pockets were found various papers, in which he is represented as a Prussian, though it seems he is an Italian; a small card bearing the name of a Member of Congress, who had innocently vouched for him to get a passport in the days of his glory, also a card of a young Confederate captain, whose name is suppressed by request, but who is thought to be the head of the gang in whose society he had passed some time in Richmond, and at whose fashionable wedding some time ago he is said to have figured. Then there was a small bundle of papers, about six inches long and two and a half in breadth, containing drawings of different rivers, showing where certain torpedoes were placed; a paper containing the names and descriptions of all the different batteries and

points of Charleston Harbor, and then an elaborate drawing of some other work or works, the meaning of which he did not explain, and the officers could not make out.

"There was also a sheet of paper, with the heading in print, *'War Department, Confederate States of America.'* At the bottom of the page was the signature, 'James A. Sedden, Secretary of War.' The intermediate space was blank; had evidently contained writing, but it was erased by some chemical process. Reece accused him of this, but he denied it, and said that he had only obtained the name to get a lithograph of it. 'That is a poor excuse,' said Reece.

"The paper he produced upon being arrested was a pass from the Secretary of the Navy, giving him permission to pass at will in all parts of the Confederacy. The officer found upon him also, a pass to cross the lines, one of the kind usually used for that purpose.

"The search being over, and the Doctor's toilet rearranged, he was taken to King William Court-House, where he was furnished with comfortable lodgings, and on Sunday was brought to Richmond. He is now in Castle Thunder, awaiting examination. Lugo is apparently about twenty-four years of age; is slender, but well built, and of free and prepossessing deportment."

Richmond Inquirer, April 22d, 1864.

"SPY ARRESTED.

"Lynchburg, April 19th.—A Yankee spy, under the assumed name of Sterling King, who is believed to be the comrade of Dr. Lugo, who was arrested in Tappahannock, has been arrested at Marion, Va., and recognized by returning prisoners from Camp Douglas as a Yankee detective from Chicago. When arrested he represented himself as colonel of the 2d Virginia Cavalry."

Richmond Dispatch, April 19th, 1864.

"SPY ARRESTED.

"On the night of the 31st of December, 1863, a good-looking, dark-eyed, long-haired young man, of pleasing address, arrived at the Ballard House in this city, and registered himself as "C. Orizie Lugo de Anby, New York." Immediately on his arrival he expressed great anxiety to see President Davis at once, and, being furnished with his address, went out of the hotel as if to visit him. He stayed at the hotel for several weeks, exciting no suspicion during his stay, making the acquaintance of several of the guests, and settling his bill on leaving. How he employed himself while here is not fully known, but

it is said that he managed in some way to acquire the confidence of the Secretary of the Navy, and in consequence enjoyed many facilities for making observations around the city and along the James River, to and below Drewry's Bluff. When he left the Ballard House it was with the avowed purpose of going to Wilmington. After his departure nothing was heard of him until about the first of March, when the Hon. A. R. Boteler, with whom he had scraped an acquaintance at the Ballard House, received a telegram from him dated Wilmington, N. C., stating that he had been robbed of every cent he had in the world. In a few days after the date of this telegram he reappeared at the Ballard House, this time registering himself as 'Roezle Lugo, M. D., Wilmington.' He stayed at the hotel until the 23d of March, and then disappeared without paying his bill, which amounted to $552. The detectives were put on the lookout for him, but could hear nothing of him, except that he had been last seen to go into a boarding-house on the corner of 8th and Marshall Streets.

"Last Saturday morning, Detective John Reece, being in Tappahannock, Essex County, recognized the absconding debtor of the Ballard House in the person of one of three men who were just in the act of crossing the

Rappahannock River on their way North. Reece stopped the party and spoke to Lugo as Doctor, and asked him for his passport. Lugo produced the passport of Mr. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, but Reece telling him that that would not answer, took him into custody. Lugo professed astonishment and indignation, and put on a great many airs, but all to no purpose. Reece took him to a room in the hotel in the place and searched him, and found on his person charts of Charleston Harbor, Wilmington and Richmond, and their defenses, and maps of all the rivers between the Rappahannock and Wilmington in which we have torpedoes, with the exact locations of the torpedoes, their size, &c. Reece, appreciating that he had made an important capture, lost no time in bringing him to this city, where he arrived on Sunday evening. Lugo was committed to Castle Thunder to be examined as a spy.

"We omitted to state that when he levanted from the Ballard House, he left behind him a valise, containing some old clothes and a galvanic battery."

After it became certain that Doctor Contre had made his escape into the enemy's lines, and had taken with him all his wife's jewels, it became evident that he had been agent of the United States Secret Service,

and the head devil of all the whole organized system which, from the early days of the war up to near its close, had successfully frustrated the well-laid plans of the Confederate Government and officers.

Contre's first appearance in the Southern lines; his killing Yankee soldiers at the battle of Fisher's Hill; his claim to have been imprisoned by the Federals when left with our wounded men; his claim to have escaped from Point Lookout; to have been wounded in his flight to Virginia in crossing the Potomac; the large quantity of gold he always had; his ability to get letters through the lines; his frequent visits to a cave near Port Republic (since discovered), where it is thought he met his secret agents; his intimacy with a certain family in Richmond, which was always regarded with suspicion; his smart arrangement for keeping off duty by getting his exchange prevented, which afforded him time and opportunity to run about at will; his frustration of our plan to abduct General Milroy at Winchester—all proved conclusively to Captain Marr that he had sheltered a consummate villian, shared his bed and food with him, and by his friendship protected him from suspicion, and had been rewarded by an attempt on the part of Contre to effect his (Marr's) capture when he went to Charles

Town in citizen's clothes for Gen. Wm. E. Jones.

It was sad to realize that President Davis had been told all this, and more, and that Contre had planned so cunningly, and so completely deceived the members of the Government that Mr. Davis feared to sanction his arrest, even after he had been convinced that he was a spy.

There was a conviction in the mind of the people of Richmond who had personal knowledge of Contre and the beautiful Miss Virginia Sanders who become his wife, and who was deserted by him, that with Contre in his flight went "the Miss Annie," who in some way evidently was dearer to him than was the beautiful but deserted wife. The double life seems thus to have been the usual course with this fully equipped and skilful villian.

CHAPTER X.

THE WILDERNESS—FIRST CONFLICT WITH GENERAL GRANT.

As Rockbridge County had not suffered from the depredations of the enemy as much as some other portions of the country, and possessed such a generous and hospitable population, the command fared better for the little while it remained than it did usually. Many evenings were spent in Colonel Dulany's tent to tell and listen to stories, study cavalry tactics, and listen to Lieut. Col. Marshall read appropriate selections from various authors. He was remarkably effective in elocution. These pleasant gatherings, when broken up by the shock of armies were never to return, until the great day when wars will be no more.

The days went by quickly, marked with a grand effort to bring the command up to the highest state of efficiency. On May 1st the Laurel brigade was ordered to the front; this meant to move to the neighborhood of Chan-

cellorsville. That country was so impoverished that nothing but lizards, whip-poor-wills, snakes and buzzards could live (it was naturally a poor country), and the armies had taken up what little substance there was, as a dry sponge could take up a drop of water.

On the way over the Blue Ridge Mountains, and twice at other points, the commanding general was ordered to move as fast as he could, as General Grant was about to move over to the south side of the river in force. General Lee wanted every man to be on hand for the first clash with General Grant, who had nearly two hundred thousand men, while General Lee could not muster over fifty thousand men of all arms—of infantry, thirty-eight thousand; cavalry and artillery, say twelve thousand.

The brigade commander found orders from General Stuart to take the plank road in front of Pickett's Division and delay the approach of Grant's cavalry as long as possible, in order to allow General Pickett's troops to come up and prevent the flanking of Ewell by the protrusion of General Grant's right. This sounded all right, but it meant hard fighting. Early in the morning the Seventh Cavalry of Virginia, led by General Rosser, moved down near the river and ascertained that General Grant was pouring his troops across at the

United States Ford and over pontoons. Learning that a cavalry scouting party had passed him going up a blind road parallel to the plank road, General Rosser sent a squadron over to hold that road against the return of their scouts, and by a circuit through the bushes came out lower down the plank road and fell upon the ammunition train of the Twelfth Corps of General Grant's army, cut loose mules, cut down wagons, upset ambulances, and soon had the road well obstructed.

Captain Marr fired his pistol into one wagon and set it on fire, and it soon blew up. He then tried it upon another, and much to his surprise a big infantryman, who had taken refuge there, jumped out, thinking he had been shot, and ran down the road bellowing that he was killed.

Soon the head of a section of the Twelfth Federal Corps came up at double quick and made it too hot for General Rosser. This checked the onward march of General Grant on that road. They were ordered to halt; we fell back, and in an hour were attacked by the cavalry of the enemy. General Rosser was ordered to detain the enemy in his front as long as possible, and if driven back to retreat as slowly as practicable, as General Longstreet was not on time, owing to the distance he had to march at short notice.

Rosser could make a fighting front in the road as well and as often with a small force as the Federal commander could with his larger one; and to fight anywhere except in the road was impracticable, owing to the swampy character of the country. At it they went, hammer and tongs, and kept it up all day; not one foot could the Federals advance, and whenever a flank movement could be threatened, General Rosser employed it, and thus toward evening drove in the Federal cavalry. The day was a bloody one, dead and dying men and horses obstructing the road in many places for two miles or more.

About four o'clock in the evening, General Rosser ordered preparations for a determined charge to close the day with a gain of ground. The first squadron of the Seventh Virginia was put in front, with Captain Marr in command, and Lieutenant Orlando Smith of Company A of the same regiment at his side. The charge was sounded, the first squadron went at it finely, well backed up by the other squadrons, properly spaced. The clash came in earnest, as with drawn sabres the Seventh rode into and then, over the mass of the enemy, who stood the charge unusually well; but that rush was too much for them. The Federals broke, and once getting started, went for over a mile pell-

mell, down that road, almost filling it with wounded, dead, and downed men and horses. Such a dust and smoke, too, completely obscured the little light that could penetrate that dismal wood at that time of day. Suddenly the Federals parted, turned to the left by a new road they had constructed, moved to the rear of well but hastily constructed breastworks, and left the Confederates confronted by the Twelfth corps behind this wall of logs, rails and earth, ten feet high, and as against cavalry a pretty thorough obstruction, from behind which the attacking party could be shot as they came to the front. It was a complete death-trap. Behind this barricade there was as large a body of infantry as could be accommodated, while on the crest of a sharp hill in their rear six guns were trained upon the road approaching the barricade from the front.

As soon as their cavalry had inclined to the left and filed past, the infantry, uncovering the head of our column, fired by platoon, right into the faces of the Confederates. So near and numerous was the infantry that the force of the flashes from their muskets was plainly felt by both men and horses. Retreat for the Confederates was impossible, as in so long a headlong chase the road was literally jammed for two miles behind. It

was perfectly straight for that distance. The capture of that position or the death of all hands was the only option left to us. In five minutes every Confederate would be flat in the dust. No one could escape. The first volley mowed down all the men who were in front. They fell fighting. Men were falling so fast they could not come up as fast as they could be killed or wounded. Lieutenant Smith (a gallant man fighting there with an unexpired furlough in his pocket) was ordered to lead the men out through the new road, followed by the Federal cavalry, and so flank the ambushing force. He attempted this, but before he could execute the order or find men to lead, both he and his horse were shot. His horse reared up at the side of Captain Marr, and was about to fall across the head of his horse, when Marr made a slight move out of the way, and then received upon the wrist of his left arm a bullet, aimed at his heart, which tore through the arm, crushing through the bone, ripped its way across his breast, plowing the clothes in a rugged trail, and, under the right arm, that was then employed in firing the pistol, passed out, tearing that sleeve.

Captain John Myers came up and executed the order to flank; and, strange to say, the Yankees broke without ever firing a shot

from their cannon, which would have cut lanes through the Confederates strung out along that road for two miles. Captain Marr's horse being shot, he and Lieutenant Smith, dear friends in life, were carried as tenderly back to the rear as a corduroy road would allow, passing Pickett's Division on its way to the front. The Seventh lost that day in killed and wounded, prisoners and missing, over one-fourth of the men it carried into the battle, with the bloody Sixth and Twelfth yet to come.

Captain Marr was supported by two slightly wounded men to Verdiersville, where the hospital had been established, clean and nice in the morning, but as bloody as any old slaughter house by night. All that night the wounded were being hauled in, and in order to make way for more, an ambulance train was started to take the wounded to Culpeper Court-House, over one of the worst roads in America.

Captain Marr will now tell his own story. He says:

"On the evening of the 6th, after heavy firing had been kept up without interval, orders came urging the removal to the rear of all wounded men who could be moved. This included me. I had been fighting for my arm in the hospital, by giving the sur-

geons to know that their decision to cut it off would be attended with the death of the first man who tried it, or attempted to give me chloroform.

"This obstacle in the way of carrying out their diagnosis proved sufficiently strong to induce them to put me in an ambulance, with a poor fellow from the Eleventh regiment, who was not worse wounded than I, but whose leg had been cut off according to order. During our awful ride over the rough road my companion bled so freely that he sunk, and was taken out dead at the next station, to be buried, and another put in his place with me in the ambulance. When we reached Culpeper Court-House he too was dead. All the time wounded men were converging there to be taken off by the poorly furnished railroad. Three thousand men,—some of the Gray and some of the Blue,—wounded in nearly all conceivable forms, were dumped out in the field and space around the big station. There we lay all that night, the air filled with suppressed groans and prayer. Every hour souls were passing into eternity from that group lying there on the bare ground, awaiting the coming of a train that could not carry off the wounded as fast as they accumulated from the battlefield, where two hundred thousand men were kill-

ing and crippling each other. And that is war, war that can only prove which is the stronger, and not which is right!

"A committee from Richmond, among whom were the Rev. Dr. Lansing Burroughs, Rev. M. D. Hoge, and other leading pastors of the city, had come down and established a kitchen, at which soup and coffee were made, and all night and all day they carried camp kettles of soup, coffee, and cool water for the wounded, weak, and fevered men. There was no difference shown between the Northern and Southern men when sick or wounded. Every once in a while they would say, 'he has gone, we can do nothing more for him.' With some they were asked to pray; from others they were charged to bear last messages to surviving friends.

"Surely if the angels of mercy looked down on those good men they saw the likeness to themselves, as well as to him, of whom it is said, 'He wept with them that wept and mourned with them that mourned.'

"The next day, about four P. M., I was put into a car packed with as many as it could hold, and the part of a train as heavy as the little engine fired with wood, could draw, and taken to Gordonsville, where I, with a few others, intended for the Staunton Hospital, were taken out and laid on

the platform until the next train came from Richmond on its way to Staunton. Late the next morning we were put on a train, and about five o'clock in the evening reached our destination, where the people had turned out to help the wounded in any way, and made so much over them, calling them fond names and urging kind attention upon them to such a degree as to almost make them feel that it was an honor to be wounded, or to die, if required to, for such people. I shall never forget a mug of wine that was handed me by an old friend from Charles Town, Mr. Newton Sadler. I had lost nearly all the blood I had in my body; was so weak that I could not move my limbs or hands, and that home-made weak wine just seemed to bring me to life. I was taken to the Hospital that had formerly been used as the Asylum for the Blind, as it is now, and found an old school-mate as surgeon in charge, Dr. Thomas L. Opie, and a number of old companions-in-arms. All of us were too badly wounded to be out of bed, and therefore we could not see each other until we had been patched up.

"I stayed only ten days at the Staunton Hospital, when an old friend from Lexington came and took me to his home, and was nursing me into life again, attended by Dr. Hugh

McGuire, father of Dr. Hunter McGuire, when General Averill, the Federal cavalry leader, took it into his head to go to Lynchburg via Lexington. This made it necessary for me to go elsewhere. I was mounted upon a rough, stumbling horse, and struck out for the Peaks of Otter, sure that the raiders would never go that way; but they did, and after reaching the ridge I turned aside into the bushes to accept my fate, as I could go no further, my crushed arm nearly killing me. Pushing through the pines we came upon a little farm, only half a mile from the main road, where we stopped until we could safely leave its kindly shelter. I later returned to Lexington and was put on post duty there.

"One of the most ludicrous things that I witnessed during the war occurred at the Presbyterian church at Harrisonburg, Va., during one of the many retreats made by the Confederates. One gloomy Sunday morning, as our troops were marching through the town towards Staunton, I obtained permission to attend church. The Rev. D. C. Irwin was the pastor, and the place was pleasantly warm and well filled. After the opening hymn, the minister left the pulpit and passed back to the last seat, and there entered into a close, earnest talk with a large,

bulky-looking, red-faced man, who seemed to be very unwilling to yield to Mr. Irwin's importunity; but at last he consented, rose up and slowly preceded Reverend Irwin to the desk. Then it was that the manner of his dress became evident. His face was very red and he looked hot, and his hair was quite bushy; he wore a blue shirt, too large for him, which was fastened in front by one large white horn button and one army brass button. His pantaloons were as much too small as his blue shirt was too large. They were held up by white suspenders fastened over his shoulders, and as he wore no vest, coat, or gown, his suspenders were in full sight. I could but recall the great actor, Burton, in his role of 'the Biggest Boy in School,' as I looked, and nearly every one laughed at the appearance of the good and great Dr. Lansing Burroughs; not only one of the foremost Baptists, but one of the ablest men of his day, measuring him in or out of the church. He said that he did not wonder that the people laughed at the figure he cut. Then he explained that his clothes were stolen during the stampede out of Winchester, and that he had to wear just what he could get, without regard to appearances.

"His subject was the 'Sovereignty of God,' and people soon forgot all about his dress,

and those in the rear portion of the church left their seats and crowded towards the front, with their mouths open, all leaning forward as if fearing to lose a word of that sermon. It was grand, and at its close people crowded about Dr. Burroughs and offered not only the best, but *all* they had.

"But it was while lying out with thousands of other wounded men the night after the Battle of the Wilderness, that I saw this grand old man at his best, with Dr. Hoge, Dr. Minnegerode, and other like messengers of mercy as they went about ministering to our necessities. Our heroic ministers were not all filling with high Christian courage the position of chaplains of commands in the field, as were Dr. A. C. Hopkins, of the Stonewall Brigade; Dr. Tucker Lacy, Dr. Dabney, and Dr. Jones, the biographer of Stonewall; but many of them suffered for conscience sake, as for instance, Dr. G. D. Armstrong, of Norfolk, who bore alone the cruelties inflicted by Gen. B. F. Butler, whose cowardly nature exulted in persecuting the defenseless and keeping well out of reach of armed men.

"The story of Dr. Burroughs reminds me of one told on the Rev. James Baber, a very large man, who was a man of great learning and humble piety, but was both eccentric

and absent-minded. On one occasion he attended the sale of household effects of a neighbor who lived three miles from him. At this sale he bought two five-gallon demijohns, tied the handles of the two together with a large red handkerchief and threw them across his horse, then mounted between them. On his way home he called at the house of a lady parishioner, who saw him as he approached the house and was ready to greet him with, 'Well, Mr. Baber, you will scandalize the whole church; you, a minister, to be stuck up on that horse between two five-gallon panniers.' As soon as she had paused, the meek and guileless old man said, 'Madam, it is this way: My wife has some loose feathers at home in the attic and she asked me to get something to hold them in, and these will keep them so nicely.' Poor old man; he was the most learned man in the county, and yet bought bottles in which to store feathers!"

CHAPTER XI.

BEGINNING OF THE END.

The peculiar style of dress and the negligee appearance of Gen. Wm. E. Jones gave rise to a good many funny things about him, yet no one doubted his coolness, bravery, or generalship. On one occasion, near his camp in Culpeper County, he had walked about a half a mile from his camp to a spring of nice clear water, and, as usual, in his shirt sleeves. On reaching the spring, which was on the edge of a pine copse, he lay down flat upon his face, with his mouth in the water, to take a good drink, with ease and comfort. While in this position he saw mirrored in the clear surface not only his own face and form, but the reflection also of a Yankee soldier, with a drawn carbine, waiting to capture him when he was done drinking. Almost instantly he got up from his position, slipped out his pistol unseen, and with a sudden spring was standing with his cocked pistol

covering the Yankee, who said, in a subdued tone, "you are my prisoner." "No," said the General, who was as strong and active as a panther, turning the carbine aside with his left arm as he pushed his pistol in the fellow's face, "you are my prisoner," and he was.

Captain Marr gave the following account of an incident that occurred near Culpeper Court-House: "The sound of a pistol shot was heard from the center of a group of men; one of them was seen to fall, the blood spurting in the air from a wound in his neck, which showed that the main artery had been torn. Two brigade surgeons came up immediately, examined the man and pronounced him dead. They went off, saying that they would order an ambulance to take him to camp. The instant they started off, Captain Magruder—who though a line officer, was a surgeon by profession—stepped quickly to the man, drew out a metal case of instruments, caught the ragged end of the artery and stuffed it with cotton. This he did quickly, as the blood had almost ceased to flow. He then called on men to rub and slap the hands, feet, and legs of the man. What liquor could be found was given either internally or rubbed, and yet he was cold, with every indication of death. So apparent had this become

that the men who at first helped to rub him said, 'it will do no good, it is better to let him alone.' I thought they were right, but Captain Magruder felt the man's heart, and then said, 'Men, if you will only help me, this man may live.' All fell to work now in earnest to have a share in bringing a dead man to life. Magruder said, 'work hard and watch!' Sure enough a slight twitching about the eyes and mouth was soon noticed. This became more and more pronounced; then it grew into decided contractions, or contortions, of the body and arms, and presently he began to struggle, until he had to be held by strong men. Magruder gave him some remedies, bandaged his neck, and had him put into the ambulance, sent first to camp and then to the hospital. I did not see him again for quite a while, until one day, some two months later, I noticed a man with his head very much on one side coming towards the camp, and when he reached it I saw that it was Jake Turner, alive and well, but with his head canted very much to one side. Though feeble, yet he had come back to camp with a heart full of gratitude. He said he knew that he was now not fit to do duty as a soldier; that his country did not expect further service of him, but that he desired to stay with the old command in order to

devote himself to Captain Magruder and to die for him if he got a chance. He served him in every possible way, but the service was a short one, for not long after this his benefactor was killed at the battle of Jack's Shop. Poor Jake Turner was almost broken hearted at the death of his benefactor; he stayed by the body while it was above ground, helped to bury it, took a lock of his hair, and went home a sincere mourner if ever there was one."

The retreat of the Confederate army through Hagerstown, Md., served to exhibit the great difference in the number and conduct of our friends in times of prosperity and adversity. When our troops entered Hagerstown, as we marched toward the battlefield of Gettysburg, the people greeted us gladly, sang "My Maryland" and "Dixie;" brought out pies and lots of other good things. They couldn't do enough for the Confed. We went, we saw, and were beaten, and on the retreat, before we reached the limits of Hagerstown, I was put with a squadron to cover the retreat, to bring off stragglers, force men along, and keep the advance of the Federals back as much as possible. As we entered the town, retiring slowly, and disputing each foot of ground, I hoped that we should be somewhat sheltered

by the buildings from flankers, and have some comfort from those who had so gladly received us of late on our *forward* march. But never was a man more wofully disappointed, for not a smile did I see except of derision, nor a word that was not a taunt or threat. We had hardly entered the better part of the town before we were fired upon from windows, housetops, and board fences, and from all directions, with all kinds of shot, and even stones were hurled at us from roofs. I never since have heard the name of the place without remembering our farewell salute from the people, though I charitably hoped that some of our salutations were bestowed by soldiers concealed there in the houses.

Captain Marr says that while in Lexington on post service he had time to notice the increasing evidences of exhaustion manifesting, as they did, the nearer approach of the end. The little groups of homeless refugees, wounded soldiers, and citizens of the town would meet and talk over the changes in the situation which went on from day to day, often trying to comfort each other with the assurance that as their cause was just and in the hands of such good men it would scarcely be permitted to fail. The people there had seen or felt but little of war by personal experience with the Bluecoats among them

long or often. Only once did they reach or enter the town, and that was on a raid made by General Averill, with his magnificently appointed division of cavalry, with which ne passed through the town over the Peaks of Otter to Lynchburg, where he was ignominiously defeated by Gen. Jubal Early. On this invasion he carried out the inhuman warfare of the torch. One of the meanest things that I think was done during the whole war on either side was at the time of this raid. Old Dr. William S. White, who was the pastor of the church of which General Jackson was a deacon, was a large man, and being a great cripple could not walk without crutches. He could walk only a few steps with their help. His church was about eight blocks from his dwelling. He had to ride to and fro from his church and home. He had a sober, staid horse, so well trained that he had come to know just what was expected of him, so that he had to be let alone only, and as soon as he found out where the Doctor wished to go he would take him there and back safely.

On Sunday morning, after he had been saddled and bridled by the servant, he would leave the stable, go around to the front door, sidle up to the steps from which the Doctor was in the habit of mounting, then keep per-

fectly quiet until his master was seated in the saddle and had arranged his crutches, and only at the signal always used would he move on to the church. On arriving there he would place himself near the side entrance, remain perfectly still until the Doctor had dismounted and entered the church, when he would pass around to the rear and enter the shed placed there for his comfort. There he would remain until the organ struck up the last hymn. He would then sidle up to the little platform at which he had left the Doctor, wait until he was comfortably seated in the saddle and then take him home.

When Generals Hunter and Averill retreated through Lexington they took this old preacher's horse. The citizens were very indignant; begged that this horse might be left; offered to pay any amount at which they chose to value him if they would only spare him to this infirm and helpless old minister.

By order of the Federal general the military institute at this place was burned, for which there was probably some justification, as the cadet corps from this school had in the battle of New Market routed thrice their number of Federal soldiers.

On post duty soldiers, during these times, fared very little, if any, better than when at

the front. Requisitions could be made for a great variety of things, the value of which was reckoned up by the commissary and all paid in rice. That is, enough of this "swamp seed," as it is called by sailors, was doled out to sustain life at a pretty low ebb. A citizen in market fared but little better, as he would use his basket to carry the money and bring the supplies home in his hand; a jag of about one third of a cord of green, wet wood sold for five hundred dollars, while butter sold at ten cents in gold, or thirty-five dollars a pound in new issue.

Captain Marr says that while quartered at the house of his old friend S. J. Campbell, of Lexington, and while experiencing the delightful sensation of restoration to life and strength, after having been on the border land that so narrowly divides life from death, he had seen the Divine work of Nature as she built up the wasted members and reinforced the slow and feeble currents of life by her gently invigorating influences collected from all the elements of her domain. There he was accustomed to meet a little bevy of congenial spirits daily as they discussed the issues of the day. Among these men were Doctor McGuire, Judge Brockenborrough, Rev. Wm. Northern, of the Episcopal Church, and old Dr. Wm. S. White. These

would help the wounded soldier during the tedium of restoration. He says that some of the sweetest visits ever made him at this time were those of Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, the poetess of Virginia.

Of many literary women it can be truthfully said, "she is all genius, she is an unnatural woman, or she is a failure in all but literature;" none of these could be said of Mrs. Preston. As wife, mother, friend, neighbor, and indeed in every possible relation of life, she filled that relationship with a natural ease and a gentle grace which proved that, in her case, the genius of the poetess had not spoiled the sweetness and grace of a well-rounded womanhood, or dimmed the lustre of a symmetrical Christian character. When all women attain to her standard and all men become worthy of the women, then the world will be called to glory. Mrs. Preston presented the wife of Captain Marr with one of the proof copies of her beautiful poem "Beechenbrook," saying that her husband and her hero were alike in their war experiences. The edition of this work was destroyed by the burning of Richmond.

While convalescing at the home of this Lexington friend, Captain Marr says that he could see plainly from his window the grave of Stonewall Jackson, and the small Confed-

erate flag which floated over it, which was furnished by a citizen of England, at whose request it was kept floating and for which purpose he furnished the flag.

On the last march, as General Jubal Early passed through Lexington from Lynchburg, it was ordered that the Stonewall Brigade should march through the cemetery and pass the grave, then countermarch and file out to the main street. What a sad sight, and yet sadder story, did that visit of the old brigade suggest to Captain Marr, who remembered as though it were only yesterday that this famous command had taken into battle at First Manassas thirty-three hundred bright muskets, and that now the old Commander's grave was being seen for the last time by the sad remnant of that once grand brigade reduced, as it was, to two hundred and forty-nine worn out, ragged, and often half-starved men. That old command had made not only a name that will never die, but a history that will be taken as the standard of military prowess by many yet unborn generations.

Over the mountains and valleys of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and the District of Columbia they had marched and fought, leaving a trail with their bloody graves. With pride, mingled and hallowed to sadness, he saw once more the few

that remained of a command to whose first roll call he had answered, and which had been baptized in blood by General Bee just before his death on the baptismal battlefield, bestowing upon it and its immortal leader a name that will go ringing down the ages as a synonym of military glory and consecration to the right.

CHAPTER XII.

SOME REMINISCENCES.

When the call came in April, 1861, for the men of Virginia to report at Harper's Ferry to join the army gathering there, the volunteer company known as "The Botts Greys," of Charles Town, in the Valley of Virginia, was among the first to report. The company, like many others, was composed of men who were all well-to-do, and many of them wealthy. They naturally thought to take into army life as many comforts as possible. Two wagons were built adapted to carry the belongings of the members, in addition to such transportation as the Quartermaster might furnish. They were up-to-date, and contained arrangements for each mess to have its own chest, cots, utensils and a trunk for each man. Quite a number of servants to black boots, attend to the washing and cooking, were taken along. We were all proud of our equipment, and expected to do

"genteel fighting" only. We were organized as Company G of the 2d Virginia Infantry, and 1st Brigade, of which Major Thomas J. Jackson was made brigadier general. He took his brigade to Falling Waters on the Potomac River, directly opposite, and as near General Patterson, with his Federal army as possible. Then he drilled us incessantly, as if he was trying to see how many of us he could kill before we ever got sight of the enemy! After some weeks of this preparatory employment, General Patterson concluded to send over a portion of his force —about five times as many as we had—and see what we were about. We were drawn up in line of battle, and hoped that we were at last to have a chance at the Yankees, no matter how many there might be; but greatly to our chagrin, General Jackson kept moving us back from one position to another until our wagons were unprotected, and the Yankees got them all. Oh, how mad we were, when we heard them cheering in exultation over their capture! Many curses loud and deep we uttered at the failure of our general to have our belongings put out of harms way. Our county people were very indignant and denounced General Jackson. The County Court of Jefferson County convened, appropriated several thousands of dol-

lars, and called together the women to make tents for us. This was done in great haste, and soon we were well supplied with them, and also began the accumulation of such other things as we thought we needed. After we got our tents all up, and a nice encampment established, General Jackson marched us all one night about twenty miles in the direction of Winchester. Our tents, we learned, were stored somewhere, but where we never found out; but one thing we did find out, that is, that General Jackson considered a gum cloth, a blanket, a tooth-brush and forty rounds of cartridges as the full equipment for a gentleman soldier.

The strangest thing, though, I ever knew General Jackson to do, was while we of his brigade were encamped at Centreville, Va. He had upon his staff Thomas Marshall and Lieut. Frank P. Jones, two men who seemed to be eminently suited to the General, as they both were men under middle age, both Christians, and seemingly attentive to every order. One day, entirely unexpectedly, each of these men was handed a letter in General Jackson's handwriting in which he was requested to write to the person named therein asking the recipient to accept the position upon the General's staff then held by himself. Of course these letters were written

and handed to the General, accompanied by the resignations of the writers; both of which the General accepted promptly, without offering a single word of explanation.

When his brigade was drawn up in line of battle at Manassas, and the enemy were finding our range pretty accurately and sending quite a variety of shot our way, I noticed the approach of three men on horseback directly in the rear of our line, one of whom called to us to open space for them to pass through towards the enemy. This was done, and they rode along our front, fully exposed for half a mile, in order to get a good observation of the enemy's position. President Davis and Generals Jackson and Beauregard were the three men. It was surprising that none of the three were seriously hurt, though General Jackson was shot in the hand at the time.

During the battle of Cedar Mountain, Gen. Wm. E. Jones sent me to ask permission for him to make a flank movement to the rear of the enemy's right flank. When I found General Jackson he was entirely alone, sitting on the ground at the root of, and leaning against a small tree. He was holding his horse by the bridle; had his eyes shut, while his lips moved. He did not notice me for some time; while the battle raged Jackson prayed!

Stonewall Jackson was a great believer in celerity of movement, and held that it was possible for the South to off-set the great disparity of numbers which the North with the open market of the world to draw upon, both for men and material, had over her, by having a few small baggageless armies that could cover twice the distance in a day required by heavy divisions.

I had it from Col. A. R. Boteler, a member of his staff, that at five different times General Jackson forwarded by him this proposition, without change, and that the first time was while he was only a brigade commander: "Give me forty thousand men; I will take Harrisburg, Pa., and end the war." Colonel Boteler says that the first three times the proposition was rather sneered at, and that the last two times it was considered, with the conclusion that the men could not be raised.

No one else has yet seen, as he evidently did, the strategical value of Harrisburg. The author believes that with that force in his hands at any time during the first two years of that war, he would have compelled the keeping of a quarter of a million of men to guard Washington, Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, and the railroads constituting their line of communication and supplies. The war would have been made so unpopular

in Maryland and Pennsylvania, that it would have been impossible for Federal armies to have marched South, while the Southern armies would have used pack trains for transporting ammunition, and light horse artillery, with no wagons; and subsisted on Northern soil entirely. This was Jackson's plan, and its adoption would have made a far different history; while the wholesale devastation of the South would never have been accomplished. His would have been an aggressive warfare from start to finish. All the victories he did achieve were won by rapid marches and unlooked-for attacks.

The victory of First Manassas should have belonged to General McDowell, as he had out-generaled Beauregard, and had the bulk of the Federal army at Stone Bridge, nearer the Junction by two miles, than was the position held by the Southern general, who expected McDowell to attack just where he had the Friday before, when the battle of Bull Run, as Southerners call it, was fought. That error of General Beauregard's caused the cutting up of the brigades of Generals Bee and Bartow before the brigade of General Jackson could get there, having to double-quick, as he did, nearly five miles, and then endure the fire of the most and best of McDowell's army for nearly four hours. This

position Jackson held until nearly four o'clock, when three of his regiments charged out in front, breaking the center of General McDowell's line. Just at this time, too, an unexpected thing occurred, which settled the day.

General Kirby Smith, with about fifteen hundred men, mostly Marylanders, was having his command conveyed by railroad to the junction, which was General Beauregard's base. Hearing the roar of our battle, and knowing that if he went on toward the junction he would get farther away from the field of contest, he stopped the train at the nearest point, and guided by the sound, attempted to join us, but, fortunately for us, came out of the woods upon the flank of McDowell's army, pretty well to their rear. They seeing this, thought it a trap, threw down their muskets, cut loose the horses from their guns and converted their whole army into a fleeing mob. From the crest of a high hill I could see a vast multitude all flying for dear life, scattered for three miles in width, and as far as the eye could see looking North.

One of the most prominent lawyers in Virginia was the Hon. T. C. Green, member of the Confederate Congress representing the lower district of the Valley of Virginia. He was a private in the 2d Virginia Regiment of

Infantry; was exceedingly bitter, and longed for a chance to meet the Federals. While he attended to his duties in Congress faithfully, he always turned up in camp just before a battle. He was always a very absent-minded man; had often been known to invite company to dine with him and then to go off and dine elsewhere. At the First Battle of Manassas he said that he wanted to kill a Federal for each cartridge he had; that is, if he was not killed himself. After the battle was over he boasted and rejoiced that he had killed quite a number before his musket got something the matter with it, so that the cartridges would not go down into the barrel, and said that but for that misfortune he would have killed as many more. He fully believed this, and asked a fellow soldier to see what the matter was with his gun. He did so, and found, greatly to the mortification of Green, that his gun had not been discharged at all, but that all the cartridges were fast in the barrel, though he had fought hard all morning. The boys never let him forget that joke, although he went through many other battles and did execution in all of them.

The following incident was related by Captain Marr, as having occurred down on the Rappahannock River.

"It had been storming all day, the wind blowing at a furious rate; the night came down dark and cold, with a cutting wind that drove the stinging rain into the flesh like particles of ice or steel. Our brigade was back of the Minor Botts house, while our pickets were not half a mile from those of the enemy—both lines being south of the Rappahannock River. On this dark night we could all feel the difficulty of maintaining our lines, as it was absolutely so dark that we could see nothing; nor was it possible to keep any definite idea of the points of the compass or the direction of the camp. I went to the colonel and told him that picketing afforded no protection, but that in such a night it only exposed the men. He thought as I did, but felt that whatever the consequences might be he would not relax any measure of discipline; so I took the men out to what I supposed would be their posts, or the right location for each of them, and left them. And in order to keep, if possible, a correct idea of their whereabouts, I determined to spend a whole night, or while the storm lasted, in an effort to keep them in place.

"The storm grew blacker and the wind blew more violently than ever, and made the most mournful sound I had ever heard, while the darkness became so dense that I

could not see my horse's head. No relief could be had. The way we had come it was impossible to find. I realized that each man was 'in for it' just where he was, but made an effort to find some one man of the line under my charge. I made up my mind where I thought was the proper direction to find the first man and started in that direction. I had no means of knowing how far I had traveled until I butted up against a horseman and horse, so as to nearly knock him and myself over. Then I shouted to him to know who he was, in an effort to be heard above that terrible storm. His response was that he was a Federal picket, and was almost dead with cold. No man could handle either gun or pistol in such a storm. The poor fellow said if he could only find either camp he would go to it. I made him understand who I was, and that I could not find my own men. He begged that I would not leave him; and indeed I felt pretty much as he did, the need of companionship so greatly, in the teeth of that darkness and hurricane, that the fact that we were enemies was lost sight of. There we waited just for the comfort we had in touching each other, and because, like two men on a cake of ice at sea, there was no place to go. There we stayed until three more miserable hours had passed; the wind had shifted from the north; the moon came struggling up.

Then we began to find out where we were. I had spent about four as uncomfortable hours as ever fell to the lot of a soldier on the enemy's picket line.

"We parted as good friends, without the slightest idea in the mind of either of capturing the other. Common suffering out in that terrible night had cemented a friendship that lifted us both for the time above the level of enmity.

"Indeed, it made me glad to know that picket firing had been discontinued for some time, for I would not like to know that men so inclined to be kind to each other should be expected to shoot each other down, not in the heat of battle, but in cold blood, and yet I know that in such a war as we were waging, where men of the same blood, speaking the same language and having the same history or antecedents, were opposed, that unless they were induced to fire upon each other with occasional fatal results they would soon become so friendly that all the plans and movements of each side would be made known to the other. In other words, that the rigor and asperity of war has its uses.

When Lieut. Col. Thomas Marshall's death was known, the whole Army of the Valley felt that another good man had fallen. His death cast a gloom over all who knew him or had heard of him. He was a grand, Chris-

tian cavalier. Like the great Stonewall Jackson, he showed to great disadvantage when on horseback, while like Jackson, his great Christian heroism and devotion to God and his country went hand in hand. This account of him was given by one who esteemed his friendship and companionship as among the greatest privileges of his life:

"I have seen Col. Thomas Marshall looking more like a tradesman on horseback for the first time in his life than like a bold Southern rider. In the morning when he had been too hurried to get through his personal devotional exercises before it was time to mount, I have seen him get down by the roadside, near a stump or log, and finish his morning prayer in the presence of the whole brigade the first time we stopped long enough. The first time I ever saw this, he must have heard the sneers and profane jests caused by the sight. He had just been assigned to our regiment then, and our men did not know him. A few days afterwards he went into a fight; Col. Marshall led the charge, and penetrated into the enemy's ranks farther than any one else, and while he was a poor swordsman, he stayed among them. They had unhorsed him and beaten him over the head and shoulders with their sabres, until they were forced to retreat under pressure from our men.

"From that time when Marshall knelt down to pray no one spoke or made a noise while he was at his devotions, and I have seen a score of Godless men remove their hats and keep silence until his prayers were ended.

"He had a strange presentiment, or premonition, of his death, which occurred in a battle in which his command was engaged in the Valley. He had always said that he hoped—and I expect prayed—that he might not be shot in the back.

"Up to the day on which he was killed, he had not made his will or given any special instructions to his servant about his body or effects, but on the morning of that sad day he did both; telling the servant which road to pursue in taking his horses home and in sending messages. He was killed on the retreat of his command, and twice turned about and faced the approaching line of the enemy. Again he was urged to retreat and again turned his back to his foes, and in that moment fell mortally wounded, was brought off and soon died. His was one of the brightest Christian characters that adorned the ranks of the Southern army, in which was found many men, who like Lee and Jackson exhibited in their lives under the most trying conditions the beauty and the glory of the gospel of Christ."

CHAPTER XIII.

CAVALRY VS. INFANTRY—STONEWALL JACKSON.

There was always a sort of jealousy of the cavalry felt, and on every opportunity expressed, by the infantry, which grew out of the fact that the cavalrymen were better clothed and fed than they. Of course this was true, for the rider could take better care of his clothes, and as he was most of the time away from the bulk of the army, he could forage better; yet he was nearer the lines of the enemy, and consequently oftener in collision. Indeed, the writer has seen and taken part in thirty hard battles in as many consecutive days. If measured by the quality of courage, the cavalryman of the army of Northern Virginia was in no degree inferior to the best infantry the world ever saw.

To know General Lee's estimate of cavalry, see report to Secretary of War. The *Richmond Dispatch* of May 7th says, in an ex-

tract from General Lee's Report to the Secretary of War, dated May 5th, 1864, at Headquarters Army Northern Virginia:

"The enemy crossed the Rapidan at Ely's and Germania Ford. Two corps of this army moved to oppose him; Ewell by the old turnpike, and Hill by the plank road. They arrived this morning in close proximity to the enemy's line of march. A strong attack was made upon Ewell, who repulsed it, capturing many prisoners and a few pieces of artillery. The enemy subsequently concerted upon General Hill, who, with Heth and Wilcox's Divisions, successfully resisted repeated and desperate assaults. A large force of Cavalry and Artillery on our right was driven back by Rosser's Brigade. By the blessing of God we maintained position against every effort until night, when the contest closed. I have to mourn the loss of many brave officers and men. The gallant Brigadier General J. M. Jones was killed, and Brigadier General Stafford I fear mortally wounded while leading his command with conspicuous valor.

"Signed
"R. E. LEE, *General.*"

To a very large extent Stuart's cavalry fought with rifles as infantry, and were often

pitted against an equal or even superior infantry force of the enemy. I give one reason for my belief that it requires a brave man to make a good cavalry soldier, when one not so brave may make a good infantry man. I say this after having done service in both branches—in the Stonewall Brigade until after the First Manassas (where Jackson was crowned "Stonewall"), and the rest of the time until near the close of the war in the Laurel Brigade of cavalry. Therefore I cannot be accused of having a bias either way. A man in the cavalry can sometimes avoid danger or shirk a fight, while in infantry a man is more of a machine and has to go with the line. Cavalry that fight must be impelled by pride, patriotism, or personal courage. A good infantry soldier may not possess any one of these qualities to any great degree. Only one other test that is just can be employed to settle and refute the absurd statement that the cavalry did not fight like the infantry, that is to measure the service rendered and the duty done by the casualties. I have applied this test to quite a number of organizations of the two different arms which carried about the same number of men into the war, and compared the number left at the close, and every such comparison serves to show that neither has any good grounds

founded upon facts to conclude that that arm in which he belonged held any superiority over the other. It is true that a charge by a well-disciplined line of infantry is a grand sight, and that results are decisive and soon follow the shock of such a clash. Infantry are fought as a mass, while with cavalry there is more individuality. Neither should ever try to disparage or belittle the value of the other; for it may be said of nearly all Confederate soldiers, "They were true to the last of their blood and their breath, and would, like reapers, descend to the harvest of death." But rather let all Confederates remember that they both, yea all, had in every battle to fight odds so very great that the other party often found it necessary to falsify the truth in giving a statement of the numbers present on each side in every battle. As for instance, Gettysburg, where General Lee had less than sixty thousand of all arms, while the Federals numbered over one hundred thousand. Hence it required the straining of the last nerve and the greatest effort of every man to gain a victory, and then the Confederates were so exhausted that they could not gather the results nor make the strategic movements rendered expedient or possible by a battle.

With anything like an equal army in numbers, Lee and Jackson would have made a history very far different from that taught in some of the schools of to-day.

Early during the war General Jackson declared that he did not intend to waste his men against the breastworks of the enemy. To this he adhered, for only once during his life did he march up to the enemy in front and give him battle. That was at Kernstown. That battle was delivered under the positive order from General Lee to attack at the earliest possible moment in order to prevent the troops at Winchester from being sent to reinforce the Federal army in eastern Virginia. On every other occasion he flanked around and turned up on the wrong side of the enemy's fortifications, and that usually "settled the hash" of the other fellow. In order to the more effectually flank the enemy he would fall back so as to swing around unseen. That fact or custom inspired a message intercepted by General Stuart and a small portion of his Cavalry, who went around on a raid behind General Pope's army, cut the wires and took a message sent by General Halleck to General Pope. From the message taken by the Confederates it appeared that General Pope had wired Halleck (then Secretary of War): "I have Jackson in full re-

treat." The answer captured read thus (Halleck to General Pope): "General, beware of Jackson's retreats; they are more to be feared than his advances." General Pope did not get that warning, but he was so self-conceited that he would not have regarded it if he had. The fact is, that Jackson was just then sweeping around to come up in his rear at the "Junction," as Manassas was called; right in the rear of poor vain Pope, who was never fit to command an army.

The next day, when asked about General Pope's whereabouts, Mr. Lincoln said, "he has climbed up a pole and pulled the pole up after him," General Lee is quoted as having said of him, when he read Pope's bombastic general orders, dated from headquarters in the saddle, "that the location was properly described, as General Pope's brains were really in the saddle."

CHAPTER XIV.

SUMMARY—THE END.

Generals came and generals went; indeed until General Grant, who was a great man, came to the command of the Federal Army, when the Confederacy was bled to death and had no men with which to fill the wide gaps formed in her lines, a Federal general would last on the average about four months—they wore out so fast. Meade was the only predecessor of Grant who did not overestimate his ability or underestimate General Lee's wonderful ability; in consequence of which fact General Meade was not used up in a few months like the others. Given one half the number and one fourth the other resources of the Union Government and armies, even without a navy, and the Confederacy would have gained its independence.

Men, meat, and money were the absent elements from the firing of the first gun at Sumter up to the last one at Appomattox. I

never shall forget the sullen determination with which General Lee, who had been hero enough to look over the hard-fought battle-field of Gettysburg and say "it was all my fault," the next day offered battle near Hagerstown, which was declined by the Federal commander, which we all regretted, as we wanted to get even. Nor shall I forget the wetting we got in swimming our horses across the swollen Potomac as we came back to old Virginia. Equally wise were they in not spoiling for a fight after the Confederates were all over on the south side.

Meade and McClellan were two of the best Generals the Federals developed during that war. Grant was a great general and so was Sherman, but they had the advantage of having come upon the field after the exhaustion of the Confederacy, when they had to contend only with skirmish lines where there would formerly have been lines of battle.

The naval battle in Hampton Roads in 1862 gave the Confederates great hope and led them to build largely upon the prospect of carrying the war to the coast cities of the North. I give here a full and accurate account of the *Virginia*, which is vouched for by an intelligent officer on board of that vessel, Captain E. V. White, who was engineer on board during the battle, and was entirely

familiar with the building, battle, and entire record of this vessel.

The Navy Yard at Portsmouth, Va., was burned, the vessels burned and sunk and the place evacuated by the Federals April 19, 1861. The steam frigate *Merrimac* was, like the other vessels, burned to the waters edge. The Confederates took possession of the place, raised the hull of the *Merrimac*, and constructed upon her a plated and strongly-protected upper works, so thick and ingeniously arranged as to make her invulnerable, while they equipped her for a ram, with a steel prow, and armed her with a battery that at short range would sink any United States vessel afloat. Captain Buchanan was given command of this strange craft, with Lieut. Ap. Catesby Jones second officer. On the 8th of March, 1862, the vessel, now re-named the *Virginia* left her anchorage and went down to tender battle to the Federal fleet lying in Hampton Roads. She encountered and sunk the *Cumberland*, blew up the *Congress*, and dispersed the rest of the fleet, which took refuge under the guns at Fortress Monroe, or ran out to sea. The *Virginia* drew twenty-four feet of water and could not follow the fleet, the largest vessel of which only drew fourteen feet of water, which fact enabled any of them to escape. Victory was

with the Confederates, but at a dearly bought price. Captain Buchanan was seriously wounded, as well as a number of his men, and in using her ram the *Virginia* lost her sharp steel prow. This disabled her for use as a ram. Lieutenant Jones took command, took her up to Portsmouth, had her prow hurriedly repaired, and on the following day went down and made another visit to the Federals. The night previous the Ericsson *Monitor*, a turreted iron-clad, had reached Fortress Monroe, and to her the *Virginia* turned her attention. These two vessels, each carrying the hopes of her people, met; each found that her shot did not disable the other, and then the use of the ram was resorted to by Lieutenant Jones, and but for her timely escape by getting into shallow water, into which the *Virginia* could not float, the *Monitor* would have been sunk, as the *Virginia* was too heavy for her, and tried to run her down. All the lighter craft stood out for the open sea, keeping the fate of the *Cumberland* and the *Congress* before their eyes.

As no vessel on the Federal side would meet and fight her, she was taken back to Portsmouth, but subsequently went again to the Roads, and offered battle to everything in sight, but there was nothing down there willing to meet her. May 10th orders were

sent from Richmond to bring the *Virginia* to that city, but when its execution was attempted it was found when her ballast was taken out it left a wide belt of unprotected sides exposed, so that any ordinary guns could sink her, and that even then there was not water in the James River sufficient to enable her to go up far enough to be of any use, so she was blown up by Lieutenant Jones on May 11th, 1862 (Sunday), and not destroyed by the *Monitor*, as was claimed by many of the newspapers of New York and other leading cities in order to alleviate the fears of people who had property exposed to possible bombardment. It is told that many of the wealthy men of Northern cities beset Mr. Lincoln by wire and also by committees to protect their property against a possible dash of the *Virginia*. He replied, "I have no vessels, or means at my disposal, with which to furnish you protection," and emphasized the want of means. They were in no mood to be put off, and they begged Mr. Lincoln to give them some assurance that they should not be bombarded.

He became worried at their scare and importunity, and made a characteristic reply, saying, "Gentlemen, if I had command of as much money as you are worth, I would have

built a vessel for the protection of my country and property."

The *Monitor* was built as a private enterprise, and only bought by the Government after the necessity for such a craft was shown by the debut of the *Virginia*.

No Federal soldier, sailor, or vessel of any size was within five miles of the *Virginia* when she was blown up by her own commander. That history may not be falsified, this fact ought to be insisted upon by the children of a generation that made some of the most gallant fights, on both land and water, of which the world has ever heard, and whose cause was lost beecause God willed that slavery should be forever abolished and the two peoples fused by the fires of war into one nation.

An incident growing out of the most staggering blow the South ever encountered, that is, the mortal wounding of Stonewall Jackson, must not be passed by in this historical record. When Jackson fell the members of his staff tried to carry him out, as not only were his own men firing upon him, but the enemy was approaching, and, guided by the fire of the Southern men, were sweeping the road with a leaden hail. One of the men who was helping to carry the stretcher upon which the General lay was wounded and

dropped the stretcher, which caused the General to fall heavily; seeing which, the Rev. James P. Smith, chaplain on Jackson's staff, finding that the General would in all likelihood be shot again, laid down against, and close beside, the body of the General, so as to protect with his own body that of his fallen chief, and so continued to protect him until he could be removed.

Captain Marr relates the following in relation to General Wade Hampton:

"One morning while the Seventh was in camp about ten miles south of the Madison River, we learned that the Federals had thrown a force of cavalry over to the southern side the day before. We were ordered down to look into the matter. We started before daylight, on a dark, drizzly day. My squadron was in front, and was ordered to go along as quietly as possible, to surprise and capture their outpost if possible without alarming their support, until close enough, and then to charge them suddenly so as to create a panic about the time they would be getting their breakfast. We knew that Gen. Wade Hampton, with part of his command, was encamped west of our regiment about eight miles from us and the same distance from the river, guarding the upper, while we guarded the lower part, of that stream; but

we had no reason to expect any of Hampton's men to be in our front. When we had almost reached the place where we expected to find and pounce upon the Federal picket, where the road lay through a bushy wood with a low fence and deep ditch on its left side, the four men in front, with their sabres drawn, were surprised to see a fine-looking officer jump his horse over both the fence and ditch and land in the road directly before and only a few feet from them. He was as much surprised as we, and promptly held up his right hand in token of surrender, as he thought we were Federals, as we were all wearing rubber cloth against the rain, and looked like them. We all enjoyed the incident greatly when we found that our captive was none other than Gen. Wade Hampton, who had started with his staff to go to our camp, left them nearly a mile behind him, and had jumped his fine horse over every obstacle in his way, and came out into that road dangerously near the enemy, as only a half a mile further on we captured the Federal pickets, charged their camp, and made a big haul of prisoners and horses."

General Hampton was a fine soldier, a grand looking man, a splendid cavalry officer. That old State never produced a better man or soldier, and that is saying much. A re-

markable illustration of the bravery of the men of North Carolina I witnessed at Chancellorsville, where I counted one hundred and forty-nine dead North Carolinians within a radius of fifty feet from the center of a little pine opening. This was a battle than which few if any have been more bloody. Trees as large as the body of an ordinary man were cut off and cut into splinters of every size by minie bullets. No artillery at all was used in that portion of the field. I could not find a rod as large as a man's finger that had not been struck one or more times, and indeed if a rabbit had remained all the time in any one place during that battle it would have been killed. Twelve thousand muskets were gathered from the field as an evidence of the work done there. That any man survived was owing to God's protection and the fact that the men were moving about all the time.

When the news first reached Lexington of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, gloom and sadness settled down over all. Even the sun seemed to shine with a sickly glare and the green fields to have lost all their freshness and beauty. Men and women wept bitterly, while all could realize the anguish and disappointment that filled the great heart of Lee and the little band of his devoted followers, the remnant of the once

terrible host the sound of whose tread had filled the cities of the North with panic, and whose yell had become the signal and precurser of victory—now melted away to a bare eight thousand ragged, half-starved men, who had surrendered to the greatest and most magnanimous of the Federal generals. The Southern States, cities, towns and counties had each contributed their quota to the insatiable demands of war, until in many of them a man or boy capable of bearing arms or of rendering military service was not to be found at home; while the products of the earth had been either consumed or destroyed so completely that, as was said by General Sheridan, in speaking of the Valley of Virginia, that he had so devastated it that a crow flying over it would have to carry his rations! The spirit of sacrifice was universal. The author remembers having been importuned by the farmers of the Moorefield Valley to burn all their crops that we could not carry off, in order to keep them out of the hands of the Federals.

In some instances a few men, chiefly in the cities, took refuge from the conscript officers by pleading that they were needed at home, and succeeded in escaping service by alleging that they were druggists or following some calling which prevented their en-

tering the army. In this way the cowardly skins of some were shielded, some of whom survived to be war men in time of peace, as they had been peace men in time of war. Often these men were among those who had been members of volunteer regiments who had held commissions as military officers, but who, when war came, became convinced of the weakness of their constitutions or courage.

Would that it were within the range of this little work for the author to name therein families even conspicuous in a marked degree for the sacrifices made by them in sending their sons freely at their country's call, but this is impossible.

At the close of the war an effort was made to collect the scattered bones of all the Confederates that had been hastily buried near where they fell, and to reinter them in cemeteries in the writer's native county of Jefferson, now a part of West Virginia. Nine men began the work by a determination to disinter first the remains of General Turner Ashby from Charlottesville, Va., and to take them to Charles Town. This they did, and then in solemn funeral procession, with a guard composed of men who had followed him in all of his campaigns as an escort to take the remains by hearse drawn by six white horses,

attended by a mounted cavalcade, to Winchester, over a road upon which he had picketed and skirmished an hundred times. With solemn pageant he was buried in Winchester, Lieut. Col. Marshall's bones being brought and buried at the same time. That to some of his old soldiers was the last time they would ever wear the garb so well known as Confederate Gray. The actors in this scene, encouraged by their success in the discharge of this pious duty, made one further effort to pay the last possible tribute to their fallen comrades, and succeeded in collecting at Edgehill Cemetery, in Charles Town, the body of every Confederate soldier who fell in that county, and marked their graves so that annually they could be strewn with flowers and their heroic deeds be repeated from sire to son.

So fully and well was this work done that the author has known instances in which friends have come up from the remote sections of the South, and on learning that their loved ones were buried there and found them so well guarded and cared for, that they would not remove them, saying that they could not rest in the midst of truer friends if buried in the homes of their own childhood. Could there be a grander tribute to our devotion?